MADELINE;

OR, THE

CASTLE

OF

MONTGOMERY,

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MADELINE,

OR THE

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CHAP. XI.

MRS. MONTGOMERY, and her party, were ſitting down to dinner, when the Major arrived. A ray of pleaſure ſparkled in his eyes,—ſerenity had ſmoothed every feature, and his ſpirits were enlivened.

"My deareſt ſir," cried Madeline, "how I rejoice in your vivacity!" Is it unuſual,

my dear? replied he. No—colouring—— my father is always agreeable; but, to-day, rejoined he, I am enchanting; but you are right, my penetrating little girl. I have lately been unhappy,—ſeriouſly ſo,—on account of my friend's welfare. I have juſt left him with much ſatisfaction. Much to his lady's regret, he reſolves on a reform in his family. How I rejoiced to hear him ſay,— "Yes, my dear Major, the world ſhall be convinced by my future conduct, that I cannot endure ſhame, nor live with diſhonor.— Equal juſtice ſhall be diſtributed, and none can complain. I will ſhew my family what I *can* do, and they muſt learn to ſubmit."

I applaud his reſolution, ſaid Mrs. Montgomery;—has he heard of my Fanny? He has ſeen her, my love, and prevented my entreaties in her favor, by declaring ſhe ſhould ſhare his fortune equally with her ſiſters; for he was convinced ſhe had married a man of principle and ſpirit, who loved and would protect her. Dear Sir Joſeph! good ſoul! excellent

excellent father! exclaimed her young friends all at once! Fanny will now be happy.—Have you heard of his unfortunate ſon? demanded Alworthy, (who dined at the Caſtle); of him alſo, my dear ſir, replied the Major. He has wrote a penitential letter, requeſting leave to viſit the Continent, until time ſhall have eraſed his errors from the remembrance of his parent and friends. The Rector ſighed—hoped his repentance was ſincere, and would be laſting, though ſo ſudden a reformation gave riſe to doubt.

"Friend Glanville will rejoice in the change of affairs at Howard Place," ſaid Miriam; "he feared they were much deranged." "His heart," replied the Major, "will ever rejoice in the welfare of the human kind, for he is generous and brave."—A bluſh of pleaſure roſe in her cheek at the praiſes of her lover.. "Well," cried Ellen, "I am as happy that Captain Cleveland has left the country, as I am ſorry for the abſence of our favourite Joſiah: and how gratifying

to the parents of the youth, that he bears with him the prayers, the bleſſings, and regard of his friends——friends, whom his worth hath made, and whom his virtues will preſerve." The heart of his mother throbbed with delight, while her ſtreaming eyes thanked the worthy man for the encomium.

In the newly regained cheerfulneſs of the Major, Mrs. Montgomery almoſt forgot her long-concealed indiſpoſition, and appeared ſerenely happy. The agreeable vivacity of Madeline returned;—Ellen became wild;—Miriam was compoſed, and her mother reſigned. Nay, ſhe ſometimes even ſmiled at the lively ſallies of Ellen, to inſpire them with her own innocent gaiety; while Mr. Alworthy ſat like piety amongſt them to chaſten their mirth, and ſanctify their enjoyments. The girls ſung, played, rattled, and were as cheerful as they had often been in a ball-room, ſurrounded by admiring beaux. The night proved ſtormy, and the Rector accepted a bed at the Caſtle, cloſing the cheerful

cheerful evening with a prayer of gratitude to the Deity, for the bleſſings of his guardian providence through the day, and a fervent petition for his continued protection during the night.

The tea equipage was juſt removed next morning, when Jarvis informed the Rector a perſon deſired to ſpeak to him. "'Tis urgent," replied he, "to follow me here." He remained ſome time abſent, and on his return, a pale horror appeared on his countenance; he ſeated himſelf in ſilence, and covered his face with his hands, while the tears fell from his eyes. "My dear friend," ſaid the Major, "if your grief is not of too delicate a nature to be diſcloſed, allow me to ſhare it." "Ah! my poor Montgomery! Could I confine it, ſo as it could never reach your knowledge, painful as it is to humanity, it would be light, compared to the pang of participation. Thy friend," added he, faltering——"friend!" interrupted Mrs. Prim-

roſe,—" knowſt thee ought of Joſiah Primroſe?" "He is ſecure in his integrity" replied he; "fear not his ſafety." "Relieve me, Alworthy," reſumed the Major; "I conjure thee; why caſt ſuch pitying looks upon me? why flow thoſe tears, for the depravity and guilt of man?" "My kind Alworthy," exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery, trembling with emotion, "in mercy unfold this dreaded myſtery! any certainty is preferable to my preſent ſenſations."

At that moment Ellen burſt into the room, crying wildly, "God of heaven! Sir Joſeph hath deſtroyed himſelf!"——Mute remained Mrs. Montgomery and Madeline; their eyes raiſed to heaven, while their lips moved in ſilent prayer for the ſtill hovering ſpirit of an unhappy man. Mrs. Primroſe, looking at the almoſt petrified Miriam, exclaimed,—— "ſuch is the end of the ungodly. My ſoul, Oh! enter not into their ſecret, nor come near their path! Pitiable indeed was the condition

condition of the Major: his friend,——the friend of his youth, whom but yeſterday he believed ſo happy, to-day periſhed, ſelf-devoted,—cloſed the ſcene of life in guilt,—in guilt ſo deep, that even fiends themſelves abhor and ſhun the perpetrators. He had done a crime beyond repentance——beyond perhaps the reach of grace, and barred the gates of mercy on his ſoul. The dews of death ſeemed hanging on the brows of the ſuffering veteran, a coldneſs pervaded through his blood, and was haſtening to his heart, as he cried in faint accents, lead me to my bed, and leave me." A ſurgeon was ſent for, who opened a vein, and gave oppreſſed nature a little relief. "Is ſorrow to ſucceed to ſorrow?" cried Madeline, leaning on the breaſt of Miriam. "Was the ſerenity of an hour lent us only for ſupport, to endure increaſing anguiſh? My beloved father! if he mourned for his friend's misfortunes, what will he now do, when that friend is loſt for ever?" "Loſt indeed," replied Miriam, "and for ever!" "Stop, raſh Miriam, who can

preſume to bound the mercy of Almighty Goodneſs? The ſubject is not for our finite underſtanding, Madeline."

At the earneſt requeſt of his friends, the Rector conſented to viſit the widow, and offer any comfort or aſſiſtance from the Caſtle. He reluctantly conſented; for well he knew Lady Cleveland would not accept the conſolation the mild doctrine of chriſtianity could offer. When he arrived at Howard Place, the porter opened the gates, bowed, and retired in ſilence. When he reached the manſion, the door was half cloſed; through the hall, ſo lately lined with glittering attendants, the pride, and not convenience of ſtate, a gloomy ſtillneſs reigned; all was cheerleſs, and deſerted; one low knock aſſembled the ſervants, who appeared pleaſed at viewing any thing human. He enquired for Lady Cleveland——Sir Joſeph's gentleman appeared, and with him Mr. Alworthy withdrew. Grantley, the name of this domeſtic, had attended the unhappy baronet many years,

years, and ſhared his confidence; he was pale, dejected, and the impreſſion of tears ſtill remained on his cheeks. You are particularly welcome, ſaid he, Mr. Alworthy,—your viſit is kind,——my lady has given no orders,——we know not how to act,——and dreadful is our condition.

I wonder not, Mr. Grantley, replied the Rector, at Lady Cleveland's inability; her ſituation is indeed pitiable,—her ſhock ſevere. Inform her, if you pleaſe, that I wait on her from Mrs. Montgomery. Oh! Sir, returned Grantley, as he conducted him to the dreſſing room, Why did not ſhe then prevent it? Alworthy looked ſurpriſed, but followed in ſilence. What was the aſtoniſhment of the good man, upon entering, when he beheld her ladyſhip buſily employed, with Miſs Cleveland and her own woman, packing up the dreſſing-plate, jewels, &c.—For a moment he ſtood aghaſt; but abhorrence and contempt yielding to the natural benevo-

lence of his heart, and zeal in his commiſſion, he ſaid, "I wait on your ladyſhip with the kind regards of your friends at the Caſtle, and am empowered to offer every aſſiſtance, as a teſtimony of regret and friendſhip; and as you, Madam, have no relation on the ſpot, I entreat you will accept of my poor ſervices on the occaſion." She replied with great compoſure, "I am certainly obliged to Major and Mrs. Montgomery for their politeneſs;——I am left bad enough, to be ſure, conſidering the vaſt fortune I brought; but it might have been worſe; and," continued ſhe, "as you know, Mr. Alworthy, I was never very fond of preaching, I can diſpenſe with your goſpel comfort; but if you have an inclination to do me a ſervice, Grantley ſhall attend, while you put ſeals on Sir Joſeph's cabinet and papers; as for his funeral, I ſuppoſe it will require ſome addreſs to procure him the rites of the church; that I muſt alſo ſubmit to your management, as we quit Howard Place this evening."

"Dear

"Dear Madam," replied the wonder-ſtruck Alworthy, diſguſted at her inſenſibility, "ſome regard is due to the dead—to decency and appearance. You cannot quit it, until after the interment, however your feelings may be ſhocked." "Feelings!" interrupted her ladyſhip, peeviſhly, "have nothing to do in the matter. I ſuppoſe you know the premiſes are in poſſeſſion"——— "Poſſeſſion!" "Aye, in poſſeſſion of his creditors; and no doubt the officer's journey *here*, haſtened *his—elſewhere*." A thouſand fearful ideas, which connected themſelves with the Major, crowded on the mind of Alworthy; he turned with horror from the paſt, and trembled to glance at the future; and, bowing to Lady Cleveland, he ſaid, "I am ready to accompany Mr. Grantley." She rung the bell; and with a diſtant courteſy they parted.

When ſeals were put on every thing neceſſary, he requeſted Mr. Grantley to relate the particulars of the ſhocking cataſtrophe.

"Some days, Sir," replied the affectionate attendant, "after Miſs Frances eloped, Sir Joſeph received a packet from London. As I was honored with his confidence, I inquired if it was from the dear young lady. With viſible agitation he replied, no; but that it required his immediate preſence in town, and that his future peace, perhaps exiſtence, depended on the event. Captain Glanville had that morning preſſed to bear him company; but as he had refuſed my attendance, I was ſure no one elſe would be his companion. I am totally ignorant of the occurrences he met with when abſent; but on his return yeſterday morning, the moſt obdurate heart muſt have relented, and felt pity to behold him. While Major Montgomery remained with him, he appeared tolerably compoſed; but on his departure, fell into a perfect frenzy. My lady entering, ſaid ſhe had a large party in the evening. With unuſual kindneſs, he entreated her to put it off, as he had urgent reaſons for devoting a few hours to privacy and herſelf. She replied it was utterly

utterly impoſſible to poſtpone it, for that her gueſts were invited, and the entertainment prepared. He was hurt at her refuſal, ſighed, and only intreated an interview as early as convenient, for he had a matter of more import than life itſelf to arrange with her. *En verite*," ſaid her Ladyſhip, " you have adopted a mighty ſolemn air in town; however, I ſhall not hurry my friends away to ſhare your ſobriety. She left the room. He then relapſed into all his former agony, beat his head and breaſt, and wildly cried, " Villain, villain, hell muſt be thy portion." " He could not mean himſelf, Sir," ſaid the poor domeſtic. I have known him do good actions, but never one that deſerved ſuch an epithet."

" Proceed," ſaid Alworthy, " without commenting on his remark." " About two in the morning the rooms were clear; my lady was retiring to her apartment, forgetful, I fear, of my maſter, or his appointment; when he met her in the gallery, and reminded her of his requeſt. What folly! cried ſhe; won't

won't to-morrow do? for I am ſo fatigued! "To-morrow will be too late," replied he, leading her to the drawing-room. "Wait in the anti-chamber, Grantley," added he. In his perturbation of ſpirits he left the door uncloſed, and from the chair in which I ſat, I beheld all that paſſed. He ſeated her, fell at her feet, and remained ſome time ſilent.—She ſeemed ſtruck with his humility, and requeſted he would proceed in ſo ſtrange a ſcene. He ſtill kept his poſture, took her hands, and with deep ſolemnity thus addreſſed her:——

"I have now been your huſband twenty-five years, the father of your children, and during that period, my heart has never denied you a requeſt. Fatal compliance!——dreadful indulgence!——our united follies, and expenſive pleaſures, have at laſt reduced the kneeling wretch before you to the very brink of ruin. The gulph of deſtruction yawns to receive me. Oh! then, if the feelings of a wife, a mother, or a woman, dwell within

within your breaſt, ſave me from perdition! I am not wont to threaten Lady Cleveland; but, remember! your refuſal whirls me far beneath the reach of heaven's mercy. In promoting a plan, which promiſed ſucceſs, to reſtore the tarniſhed ſplendor of your family,—a ſplendor, our mutual extravagance has obſcured,—I have undone a friend,—a generous, unſuſpecting friend, unleſs you aid me to retrieve him. One thouſand a year is ſecured to you beyond the reach of either—reſign then the half of your ſettlement, to indemnify an innocent ſufferer. Reflect, ere you decide,—think, ere you reply. Either retire with peace and honor to ourſelves, on two thouſand per annum, and ſhun a ſelfiſh crowd, who, while they prey upon our folly, laugh at approaching ruin;—or behold theſe walls a ſcene of blood!—a ſelf-devoted huſband's blood!——Then, Martha, ere too late, bethink thee, and ſpare thy dying hours remorſe——thy children ſhame——and me, thy huſband, perhaps,——(his voice failing through his emotion,)—everlaſting miſery."

"I pretend,"

"I pretend," replied the unfeeling woman, "to no knowledge of your affairs, Sir Joſeph; nor will I ever ſink one guinea of my pin money. I grant permiſſion to thoſe, you term the ſelfiſh crowd, to laugh at my weakneſs, when I reduce myſelf to the condition to which you ſeem anxious to humble me.——Matchleſs generoſity!—aſtoniſhing magnanimity!—that to preſerve the friend, would ruin the wife!——but I thank you," added ſhe, riſing,——"I have no claim to ſuch heroiſm, ſo wiſh you a good night, and pleaſant dreams."

When ſhe quitted the room, Sir Joſeph leant his head upon the chair, as he remained upon his knees. I believe he prayed, for he raiſed his hands and eyes; but ſoon ſtarting on his feet, he exclaimed, "no never—never more—hell itſelf can be but what I feel, and *there* the eye of friendſhip can't upbraid me. Black retroſpect!" Reflecting a moment,—"Shame is the only virtue left me—and to compleat the fiend, I ſink in deeper guilt,

and

and drown its voice for ever!" He advanced, and ordered me to attend him to his room. I wiſhed to ſpeak, but my heart was full—I durſt not truſt my voice. In croſſing the gallery, he met Miſs Charlotte. The paleneſs of her father's face, (for it was like death) alarmed her. "You are indiſpoſed, ſaid ſhe, feelingly.—My father!"—"Good night! my child," replied he, "I ſhall be better to-morrow, after a ſound ſleep." She kiſſed his hand, and they parted.

While I undreſſed him, he deſired his horſes might be ſaddled by ſix o'clock, as he intended returning to London. My dread was diſpelled—but ſoon returned, when he added,—"I ſhall travel armed; bring my pocket piſtols, that I may ſee they are in proper order." I excuſed myſelf obeying, by pleading having miſlaid the key where they were. Whether he perceived my precaution, I know not; he only ſaid, "very well;" adding, I thought, emphatically, "Grantley,—a good night!"——Sleep fled—I could not cloſe my eyes—

eyes—but aroſe early—and, unrefreſhed, repaired to his chamber. As I approached, my heart preſaged the ſcene I was to witneſs.—Stopping a moment, irreſolute, I caſt down my eyes, and beheld a ſtream of blood iſſuing from under the door. I remained motionleſs, with the lock in my hand; a houſemaid appearing, I called her; when, leſs attached, leſs affected, than I, ſhe entered.—My unhappy maſter was on his knees by the bed,—a razor lay at his feet, with which he had mangled his throat in a ſhocking manner. He was ſtiff, cold, and without one remaining ſpark of life. The maid alarmed the houſe with her cries—the ſervants aſſembled, and we laid the poor body upon the bed, decently covering it from the gaze of all. The noiſe brought Lady Cleveland and her daughters, juſt as I had cloſed the door. In vain I entreated them to retire. "Inſolent!" cried her Ladyſhip, and, ruſhing paſt me, followed by her daughters, flew to the bed, and uncovered the corpſe. Miſs Charlotte fainted, and fell on her lifeleſs father; her ſiſter trembled

trembled exceſſively; but her Ladyſhip betrayed neither ſurpriſe or grief. Turning to me, with much compoſure, ſhe ſaid, "your maſter has evinced aſtoniſhing fortitude!—made his exit with admirable eclat!—his friends will, no doubt, applaud his ſpirit in dying, to avoid the poverty in which he has involved his wife. You was in his confidence—pray what recent loſs hath cauſed an event which the world expected ſo long ſince?"

Her unfeeling conduct baniſhed all reſpect; and I replied, with an aſperity unbecoming my condition, *then your ladyſhip hath at laſt* gratified the expectation of the world. She coloured—and ſaying, "after the funeral I can diſpenſe with your ſervices," retired.—At ten o'clock the ſheriff's officers arrived, and, producing their warrants, took poſſeſſion of the premiſes, and every thing on them. Her Ladyſhip raved like a lunatic, and would have ſeized the family plate; but the officers, with uncommon civility, told her, ſhe could only

only remove that ſecured by her marriage articles; which ſhe had compoſure enough to aſſiſt in packing up when you, Sir, arrived."

"Poor woman!" exclaimed the Rector, ſeeing Grantley had finiſhed his narrative.—He was aſked, if he wiſhed to ſee the deceaſed. "No! no," replied he, ſadly;—"No! raſh, ill-fated man! to ruſh, unbidden, on the preſence of a tremendous judge, with all his imperfections unrepented! Self-murder! nature revolts—no, my friend,—I cannot view him—farewell! let me ſee you in a day or two. I ſhall remain at the Caſtle."

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

WHEN Mr. Alworthy had rejoined his friends at Montgomery Caſtle, in relating his morning viſit, he carefully ſuppreſſed every circumſtance that could give any additional ſhock to their feelings; and intreated them to be under no concern for the widow, as ſhe enjoyed a far greater portion of compoſure than themſelves, and quitted Howard Place that evening:—informed them he had placed ſeals on the papers of the deceaſed, and would endeavour to impreſs ſome friends on the

the jury with the idea of his inſanity, as the moſt likely method to procure him chriſtian burial. He then changed the ſubject, by ſaying he would be their gueſt, until he had the ſatisfaction to behold them regain their uſual tranquillity.

Had that indeed been within the power of friendſhip, or perſuaſive eloquence, Mr. Alworthy had ſucceeded; but alas! the envenomed ſhaft of unavailing regret had ſunk deep in the boſom of the Major, and he appeared the image of calm deſpair. In a few days he attained a degree of gloomy compoſure, more alarming than that violent grief, which, though it may weaken the frame for a time, ſpares the mind from the fatal effects of melancholy. The ravages of internal complaint too plainly appeared on the ſtill charming face of his amiable wife; the hectic flush-ed her cheek, and ſtealing through her veins, enfeebled her delicate conſtitution. To ſpare her beloved family anguiſh, ſhe ſilently ſuffered; but her languid form, and faded features,

tures, proclaimed the alarming truth. The mild, the gentle Madeline, mourned inceſſantly, remembered happineſs embittering her preſent feelings. She poſſeſſed a judgment and penetration beyond her years, and, by comparing and adding paſt circumſtances, her predictive ſoul preſaged a dreadful future. Ellen, the ſprightly Ellen, whoſe charming vivacity was wont to enliven all, was become grave and penſive; ſhe, who was every where in a moment, whoſe harmleſs wit could have beguiled melancholy itſelf of a ſmile, would ſit for hours gazing at her mother's declining frame, and her father's ſad wandering eye, till the tears, ruſhing down her cheeks, would force her to quit their preſence.

Even the domeſtics felt the gloomy influence:—they had never been changed ſince the Major ſettled at the Caſtle, and, conſidering themſelves as humble friends, were intereſted in the good or evil that might attend the beloved family. The return of Mr. Primroſe, after

after he had ſeen his ſon embark, recalled his wife and daughter to the Valley. The abſence of Joſiah deeply affected his poor mother—her health was gone, her hopes were loſt, and ſhe looked forward with tranſport to a better world. The gloom and reſerve of her huſband augmented daily. Diſappointed and unhappy himſelf, he became indifferent to the peace of others—hardened againſt conviction, and naturally ſevere, his bigotry at length knew no bounds, and became ſo inſupportable, that the ſuffering wife beheld her approaching diſſolution as a happy releaſe! while the idea agonized the gentle boſom of Miriam. She had ever felt the warmeſt impulſe of duty towards her father, beheld him with reverence, and obeyed him with pleaſure; but her mother ſhe loved with the trueſt affection—her principles ſhe revered—her virtues ſhe honored—and her conduct ſhe made her pattern. Religion in her mother wore the mildeſt, moſt perſuaſive form; ſhe contemplated its dignity with that fervid delight, which inſpired her

her to obey the divine dictates with pious pleaſure.

In her father, ſhe was chilled with the forbidding aſpect, and ſtarted with diſguſt from a figure ſtern, ſevere, and cheerleſs, which exacted a blind obedience to unprofitable form—a forbearance from guiltleſs ſatisfactions—which cloſed the avenue of ſocial friendſhip, and ſteeled the heart againſt philanthropy. "Eternal Providence!" ſhe would ſay, when alone,—"to the lateſt hour of life I will worſhip and adore thee in purity—in ſimplicity of ſpirit—ſtill bleſs thy goodneſs for that inſpiring ray, which taught my ſoul to aſpire to active virtue—to enjoy thy mercies—and in that enjoyment to evince my well-pleaſed obedience to thy wiſdom."

Not even the illneſs of her beloved mother, the dejection of her friends, nor the abſence of her brother, could eraſe Glanville from her remembrance. There were moments, when his power over her heart ſilenced

every other conſideration, and on the boſom of her mother, ſhe would weep and confeſs her weakneſs. Mrs. Primroſe would gladly have reſigned her to the generous Glanville—the preſerver of her darling ſon—yet ſtill in the kindeſt accents ſhe whiſpered duty to her father, and obedience to his will.

The cloud of ſorrow ſtill hovered around the Caſtle of Montgomery; no ray of hope penetrated its denſity—the proſpect was dark, and every object wore a gloom. The unhappy Baronet had been laid in hallowed ground, and Howard Place advertiſed for ſale, when the room-door cloſed on Grantley, after taking a reſpectful leave of Mr. Alworthy. Ellen, ſeated by her mother, exclaimed with fervor, "now, may heaven defend us from ever more hearing the name of Cleveland!" Amen, ſolemnly reſponded the hearts of Madeline and her mother; the Major raiſed his eyes, caſt them down, and repreſſed a ſigh.

"Shall

"Shall I read aloud," ſaid Madeline, as ſhe held the Night Thoughts in her hand:—"Do, my love," returned her mother. "I think it is a volume of Young you have been reading. The contemplation of his reſignation during deep diſtreſs, will fortify and encourage us againſt yielding to a deſpondency, which may become highly criminal."

"Is it not that author," interrupted the Major, who ſays, "My comfort is, each moment takes away a grain at leaſt from the drear load that's on me, and gives a nearer proſpect of the grave?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Montgomery, feebly,—for Madeline felt choaked, and could not articulate.——"What cauſe for ſad dejection! where reſides a Power that called us into being to be bleſt," repeated Ellen, will, I believe, be found in the ſame author.

"True, my charming child," rejoined her mother; "and you have added ſuch grace

to that ſentence, that I requeſt you may take the book, and proceed." She obeyed.—— "What is this world! thy ſchool, oh, miſery! our only leſſon is to learn to ſuffer, and he who knows not that was born for nothing." They were interrupted.——

CHAP. XIII.

THE door opened, and Jarvis appeared, pale, and ſhivering with agonized terror; his wild eyes wandered as if in ſearch of ſome object; he thrice attempted to ſpeak, but his lips recloſed; he gaſped and retired. Again

Again the door opened, and he entered, followed by four men, with harſh, forbidding features. "Father of Mercy!" cried Mrs. Montgomery, ſinking from her chair, and gazing wildly round her—"Father of Mercy! what pang is this I feel? what ſtrange—what unknown fear? My huſband—children—all are ſafe!"——

"I am the pang,—the cauſe,—the fate,—that drags thee to deſtruction!—thou murdered innocent!—I have deſtroyed thee,—ruined my children,—and undone myſelf!—I am——a priſoner——" cried the frantic Major, throwing his arms around his fainting wife. Ellen ſupported the head of her mother, while her father, raiſing his eyes upon her pale face, exclaimed, "My angel is gone for ever!" fell back, and was received in the arms of Madeline, upon whoſe mind the diſmal ſecret grief had now burſt in all its horrors. Jarvis relieved her feeble frame, and upheld his maſter, while with a look of dreadful calmneſs, ſhe enquired of the men

" their buſineſs." " We are come," ſaid one,—but innured as was his nature to ſcenes of diſtreſs, he faltered, and ſtopped,—'till another, more hardened, rejoined, " we are come to conduct Major Montgomery to the Caſtle." " Caſtle!" repeated ſhe; " is he not in the Caſtle?" " Yes, yes," added the ſavage, " but the one I mean is rather ſtronger, not quite ſo grand, nor ſo daintily furbiſhed up as this—I mean York jail, pretty Miſs."

She looked around the ſcene of devaſtation for ſome faint ray of comfort; when Alworthy returned from his walk, entered the room, and cheered her eyes for a moment. The fatal news had reached him; and, like ſome good angel ſent to miniſter conſolation to the afflicted, he approached the Major, who, ſpeechleſs and immoveable, was ſtill hanging over his inanimate wife. " My deareſt Sir," cried he, taking his hand, " retire—let us leave this dear ſufferer to the care of her daughters, while we *deviſe* ſome future plan; and,

and, Mrs. Martha, ſend for a ſurgeon inſtantly." "Aye, Sir, "interrupted the ſavage bailiff, "you have *reviſed* right, for we are in a woundy hurry to be gone." "Friend," replied Alworthy, "be a little patient, and in another apartment, accept ſome refreſhment. Jarvis, attend theſe gentlemen: fear not eſcape," continued he, perceiving they heſitated; "principle ſecures you your priſoner, without bonds." He then led his paſſive friend from the room.

Mrs. Montgomery ſtill remained inſenſible, reclined on the boſom of her old and faithful Martha; Madeline kneeling before her, cold and ſpeechleſs, without the power to ſhed a tear; while Ellen ſtruggled with ſuch violent hyſterics, that agitated nature threatened to force the ſpirit from its ſuffering frame. Such was their condition, when Mrs. Primroſe and Miriam knelt beſide them. "Friend of my heart," cried the former, kiſſing the cold hand of Mrs. Montgomery, "Oh! return to life, and bleſs me, ere thee

goeſt!" Poor Miriam, nearly as helpleſs as her friends, could afford little aid; ſhe, however, bathed their temples, and having the uſe of ſpeech, endeavoured, if poſſible, to extort a tear from Madeline, who remained, ſtaring with calm and vacant wildneſs around her, until Mrs. Primroſe ſhrieked—"thy mother is fled for ever!"

Indeed, the idea was natural, for ſhe uncloſed her eyes, breathed a deep ſigh, and relapſed into inſenſibility. The ſpeech of Madeline was reſtored, and hearing the noiſe of a carriage in the Court-yard, ſhe ſtarted, flew to the window, and ſeeing her father drive away, burſt into an agony of tears. Ellen was become rather calmer, and being reſtored to all her reaſoning faculties, was perfectly ſenſible to all the miſery which overwhelmed her. Alworthy and a ſurgeon now joined them. "Oh! doctor," cried Madeline in the moſt anguiſhed accents, "ſave, ſave our mother!" He opened a vein, but the blood receded faſt to the heart, and a cold dew hung

hung on her palid brow. The ſuffering ſaint threw her eyes around, as if in ſearch of ſome object, ſtill dearer; gave a ſoft parting glance, and again cloſed them; ſhe reſpired quick and low. Alworthy preſſed her pulſe,—it beat heavy,—fluttered,—ceaſed,—her breath became fainter,—fainter ſtill. Madeline laid her cheek to her cold lips, and received that ſigh which is repeated no more; while the pure ſpirit fled to thoſe regions, where virtue, like her's, can only meet reward.

"My gracious mother!" ſaid Madeline—ſhe could utter no more. Ellen was exhauſted, and remained gazing in ſilence on a face more beautiful in death. "Friend! parent! monitreſs!" exclaimed Miriam, "from thy bright heaven, oh! look down! Accept our mutual reverence!"——Mr. Alworthy approached—the tears of reſignation dropped from his eyes on the ſacred remains; he bowed, as if ſomething more than duſt lay extended before him, and with dignified com-

poſure ſaid, " moſt virtuous woman! moſt exalted friend! fare thee well! pure was thy life—ſerene was thy exit—bright and laſting will be thy recompenſe!"

He conducted the ſorrowful party to the dining-parlour, and was retiring, when Madeline cried, " Oh! leave us not!" " My child," replied he, " I will not—be calm—I will return within an hour." After having given every neceſſary order reſpecting his departed friend, he wrote to Mrs. Forteſcue, acquainting her with the death of her ſiſter-in-law, and the misfortunes of her noble brother; deſcribed in the moſt affecting manner the condition of her nieces, left in the bloom of youth and beauty, expoſed to the dangers of a deſigning world, without one natural protector to guide them; that before his letter could poſſibly reach her, their father would be confined within the walls of a priſon, and his children deſtitute of a roof, as a fortnight was the lateſt period allowed them to remain

in

in the Caſtle. While the worthy Rector was thus employed, Madeline, her ſiſter, and friends, ſat immerſed in ſilence, and in all the bitterneſs of affliction. The night was dark and ſtormy, the wind ſhook the battlements, and the rain beat upon the windows. To them even the fire burned cheerleſs; the candles appeared dim, and reflecting a feeble glimmer, gave added ſadneſs to the gloomy ſcene. What wonder! the charming woman, whoſe cheerful virtues ſo lately gladdened all, lay cold within the icey arms of death——the peace-inſpiring eye was cloſed in darkneſs—and the mild,—perſuaſive,—all-inſtructive—tongue,—was huſhed in an eternal ſilence!

The remembrance ſtruck forcibly on their hearts, and ſuffuſed every eye in tears; while Ellen, in a feint voice, uttered the firſt words ſhe had ſpake ſince her mother expired.—— "Tremendous God!" ſhe cried; "within a few hours what a fearful change!" While a ſervant was placing the untaſted dinner on the table for ſupper, Mr. Alworthy entered.

The meek compoſure which appeared on his benign countenance, was well adapted to inſpire reſignation. They all felt a momentary pleaſure, as he led them with a tender preſſure to the table. To prevent, if poſſible, a freſh pang, he took that ſeat ſo lately graced with their mother's preſence. They perceived his kind intent, and would not diſappoint it by remark; yet in vain they tried to eat;—the heart was too full, and revolted at the attempt. The pale looks of Madeline alarmed Mrs. Primroſe; to encourage her to ſwallow a morſel, ſhe requeſted Mr. Alworthy to hand her ſome potted partridge; a ſpoon was not on the table; John was applied to; his ſenſes abſorbed in grief—that quickneſs, which at any other time would have ſpared his young ladies a ſhock, was unremembered, and with a groan he replied, "the men have locked them up, and denied me one."

For the firſt time their eyes turned to the ſide-board, and beheld it empty. The Rector reproved the ſervant with a look; when Madeline,

Madeline, unmoved at the circumſtance, cried, "dear Sir, be not hurt—nothing *now* within theſe walls can affect me." Supper was removed; when with a truly paternal bleſſing and fervent prayer, Mr. Alworthy embraced and wiſhed them repoſe.

He had diſpatched a meſſenger to Jarvis, (who attended his maſter, and, with the two bailiffs, waited for him at a village, ten miles diſtant from Montgomery,) ſaying he was detained until next morning; gave ſtrict orders not even to ſee the Major; and to deliver an account of his health to himſelf only on his return.

When he parted for the night with the young ladies, he betook himſelf to deviſe the mildeſt method to acquaint his friend of his irreparable loſs; and after imploring the furthering aid of that great and kind Being, that watches over all his works, he threw himſelf on his bed, but in vain courted ſleep.

"He,

" He, like the world, his ready visit pays,
Where fortune smiles;—the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."

CHAP. XIV.

WHEN Major Montgomery was conducted from the presence of his dying wife, every faculty was suspended, and his senses sunk in unconscious stupor. He had lost the power of acting for himself; and like

like a machine in the hands of a mechanic, was turned and moved at pleaſure. His faithful attached friend, Alworthy, had determined to attend him to priſon, and procure him every comfort and convenience his condition would admit; but when he perceived the ſprings of life running low in Mrs. Montgomery, he knew his preſence was yet more neceſſary for a little time at the Caſtle, and anxious to ſpare him the ſhock, and not endanger returning reaſon, by an immediate diſcloſure of his loſs, he prevailed, through the force of gold, on the two officers, to await his joining them at the Montgomery Arms, ten miles from the Caſtle.

Thus the poor Major, without recollecting to take even a parting glance of the ſcene of former happier days, ſupported by Jarvis, and attended by the bailiffs, was ſeated in a poſt-chaiſe, and in total ſilence arrived at the before-mentioned place. There they ſeated him in an arm-chair, Jarvis at his ſide,

and

and his two followers at a remote corner of the room. He continued in that ſtate until evening, when, without offering the leaſt oppoſition, he took a compoſing mixture, and was attended to bed, where he ſoon ſunk into a tranſient ſlumber.

Jarvis, wearied with the horrors and fatigues of the day, threw himſelf at his maſter's feet, when exhauſted nature yielded to the power of ſleep. In the mean time, the bailiffs ſnored comfortably in their chairs, alike forgetful of themſelves and priſoner.—The night was very ſtormy, and the wind blowing a tile from the chimney, awoke the unhappy Major from his ſhort repoſe. Sleep had a little revived him; and a reflective ray darting acroſs his benighted mind, memory reverted to the moment when reaſon left him, leaning over the dying form of his wife.—Each intermediate circumſtance was loſt; but a drear proſpective opened to his view. He was going to call; when, hearing his own

name

name repeated, he ſtopt. An expiring lamp on the hearth emitted a feeble glare, and diffuſed a pale quivering light over the gloomy apartment. The falling tile which had diſturbed the priſoner, had alſo rouſed his keepers, who ſtarting from their chairs, fearing an eſcape, cried, "Zounds! Montgomery is off;" but having diſcovered his cloaths, and being convinced of his ſafety, they laughed at their alarm, and proceeded to converſe on the occurrences of the preceding day.

"The ladies are mortal pretty," ſaid the ſavage. "*Parfat venuſes*," returned his friend. "I think," ſaid the other, "if they were in town, and would be good natured, we could ſoon put them in a way to pay the father's debt, and coſts too." Well, reſumed the more humane, "in all I ever nabbed, I never felt ſo queerly; for if any of them had cried, I ſhould have cried too, for company." "Why, aye,—it was ſomething I don't know how; and yet it was plaguey ſilly in the wife to trip it ſo ſoon, for they

they are main grand, and have mortal fine friends." "Trip it!" cried his companion; "why ſhe did not die outright." "Zounds, man, I tell you ſhe was dead *as a ducat*, before the old parſon ſent us away."

"Dead!" ſhrieked a voice, that might have penetrated ſtone. The curtain was undrawn—the Major ſtarted from his bed, and again exclaiming, "dead!" fell to the ground. A burning heat flaſhed through his brain,—a deadly preſſure weighed his heavy eyes,—while every mental power hung in ſuſpenſive horror; and once more, yet with weaker voice, he uttered, "dead!" Whether the men, petrified with the effects of their converſation, repeated the word,—or that the priſoner's tortured fancy returned the piercing ſound, is doubtful; but at that moment the lamp expired, the wind burſt back the caſement, and they were left in total darkneſs.—The Major, ſtretched on the ground, preſſed his head on his arm, and faintly ſaid, "that pang was parting nature, dead!" The laſt word

word ſunk in convulſive motion on his lips, and he was calm as death. The ſudden darkneſs,—the guſt of howling wind,—and open window, admitting the "pitileſs pelting ſtorm," all in the ſame inſtant, added to the unexpected frenzy of the Major, ſo worked upon the imagination of the terror-ſtricken bailiffs, that while one dropped upon his knees, crying, "Oh, Jaſus!" and began confeſſing his ill-done deeds—with great trepidation the other, regardleſs of his friend, or even his priſoner, haſtened to the ſtairs, roaring "fire,—famine,—murder,—and the devil." His outcry brought the family around him, naked and trembling. They entreated to know the cauſe of his panic. "Panic!" cried the quaking wretch, graſping the body of a poor groom, who happened to ſtand next him,—"Panic!" echoed he, through his chattering teeth,—"I tell you, nineteen devils with their dams, have entered at the window in a hideous guſt of wind, and ſtole away the priſoner."

"Go

"Go to h—l, then, and ſeek him," cried the groom, whoſe fear being abated, began to grumble at having been diſturbed, and not much liking the rude gripe of the bailiff's fingers, threw him back with violence.

Lights appearing, poor Jarvis was diſcovered, who, with beſeeching accents, implored ſome chriſtian to fetch a ſurgeon, for that he feared his maſter was gone. "Gone," thundered the bailiff, without adverting to the former part of the ſpeech,—"Gone!—then I ſeize you for a reſcue;" catching hold of poor Jarvis. "Off, tyger," cried the honeſt-hearted old man;—"off; he is gone, where thy black ſinful ſoul can never enter." "Aha, honey," returned the myrmidon,—"if ſo be you are after meaning kingdom come, why my ſervice to you—ſo as I may keep his body, and not loſe caption fee; you or the Lord either may have his ſoul." The village apothecary being arrived, they adjourned to the Major's apartment, who had not changed his poſture. He bled freely, on a vein

a vein being opened, but a fever ſucceeded. Reaſon was ſhook on her throne, and his brain became the abode of wild delirium.—He was replaced in bed, and anxiouſly attended by his faithful Jarvis. In this condition we muſt leave them, and return to the Caſtle of Montgomery.

CHAP. XV.

NEXT morning dawned with deep and ſolemn gloom—low heavy clouds obſcured the cheering ſun—which refuſed the fainteſt

fainteſt beam to illume the diſmal proſpect at Montgomery. Like the ſun of proſperity, he had withdrawn his invigorating rays from the late happy manſion, and left it involved in darkneſs, which portended unrelenting ſtorms. Languid and comfortleſs, the fair inhabitants deſcended to the breakfaſt room. No maternal ſmile gave the morning welcome——no father's kind ſalute the uſual bleſſing—their heavy eyes proclaiming the night's ill reſt—no inquiry paſt.

Mr. Alworthy requeſted Mrs. Primroſe not to leave her young friends, as he was obliged to attend the Major, his companions being rather impatient to proceed on their journey. "Oh!" cried Madeline, "where —how is my father?" "Your father, my love, is not far diſtant; nor will you ſuppoſe him very well; but he is a chriſtian—and that conſideration will uphold him under his afflictions. The life of innocence he paſt with your angelic mother, while he mourns her loſs with deep regret, animates his hopes, and encourages

encourages his faith, that they will meet in a better world. Piety—ſacred gueſt!—will illumine his ſoul; her influence will ſooth him, and the eternal Controuler of the Univerſe will ſupport him, becauſe he leans on his gracious promiſes. Before long I doubt not mercy will ſhine through the cloud of adverſity, and cheer the darkneſs of his fate; and ye, my children, adopted children of my heart, yield not to deſpondency—indulge not fruitleſs grief, for the bliſsful change of your mother, and thereby render yourſelves unfit to offer dutiful attention to your ſole ſurviving parent,—but let the tide of ſorrow glide calmly:—apply for conſolation to an Almighty Father:—he called all being out of nothing, and from "theſe ſeeming evils will educe eternal good." Let me then, on my return, find you more reſigned—and remember, my precious girls, that tears can never expreſs your veneration for the dear deceaſed. No—it is by imitating her virtues, and by adhering to that blameleſs conduct,

ſhe

ſhe would have directed you to purſue had ſhe been living, that will honor her memory; and, *if* the bleſſed are permitted to know what paſſes with poor mortality—will pleaſe her ſainted ſpirit!"

After requeſting they would not be uneaſy, though he was abſent a few days, as he intended accompanying their father to London, (as being leſs ſubject to the intruſion of viſitors than York Caſtle) he affectionately embraced them and departed. He found the Major inſenſible; and the apothecary declaring thoſe who removed him would be anſwerable for his life, the bailiffs were conſtrained to poſtpone their journey, until he was pronounced in a condition to travel.

Mr. Alworthy and Jarvis watched him with unremitting care; and the fourth day rewarded them by the abatement of his fever, and the return of his reaſon. There was no need to inform him of his wife's death—the

ſilence

ſilence of his pious friend, and the frequent mention of his amiable daughters, were ſufficient convictions. He liſtened to the arrangement Mr. Alworthy had made in his few and ſad affairs, with a meek and uncomplaining compoſure; and when a removal, by habeas, was adviſed, he offered no objection, but bowed his head in ſilent reſignation. Jarvis forgot every diſaſter in the recovery of his adored maſter, and would ſay in a cheery manner, "we ſhall yet be very happy." The Major would ſigh, without a contradiction to his aſſertion.

The day before the hallowed remains of Mrs. Montgomery were to be entombed, Mr. Alworthy returned to the Caſtle; he found the lower apartments all vacant, until a few dejected domeſtics gathered round, and informed him the young ladies were in the drawing-room; he aſcended ſoftly—the door was half open—he beheld a large table, covered with a velvet pall, on which ſtood a coffin, containing his ſainted friend; a ca-

nopy was raiſed over the corpſe, with lights ſuſpended; at the head and feet ſat Madeline and Ellen, in deep mourning; at each ſide Mrs. Primroſe and Miriam, who, though contrary to their forms, were attired in the ſame ſable dreſs.

The mournful dignity of the ſcene—the heavenly ſmile on the pale features of the deceaſed,—with the ſweet, reſigned compoſure on the countenance of all, for a moment riveted his feet to the ſpot. "And is this," ſaid he, ſoftly, "indeed the houſe of death! how beautiful is virtue, even in ſorrow!"—He was entering, when Madeline laid her lips on the cold cheek of her mother, preſſed the lifeleſs hand to her boſom, and exclaimed, "how cold that breaſt, ſo late the ſeat of animated virtue! and cloſed for ever now thoſe eyes which beamed with kind benevolence on all! Oh! ſacred ſhade! moſt bleſſed ſaint! look down upon thy mourning children, and deign to guide them, 'till repoſed within thy quiet tomb! formed by thy converſe,

verſe, taught by thy example, thou wilt with delighted complacency behold the effects of thine own bright virtues!"

"Dear mother!—venerated monitreſs!—firſt of women!"—added Ellen, "yet, oh! yet, though far above us, oh! vouchſafe to hear us!" Mr. Alworthy then advanced, and, with the kindeſt looks, aſſuring them of their father's returning health and ſerenity, afforded them the ſincereſt comfort. He retired to give directions concerning the funeral, when an equipage, in deep mourning, drove round the court, and Mrs. Forteſcue's woman preſented him a packet. She expreſſed the moſt unfeigned ſorrow for the death of her amiable ſiſter, and her brother's misfortunes; aſſured him, nothing but a dying huſband ſhould have detained her from offering every perſonal conſolation; in the mean time, ſhe had ſent her own maid to attend her nieces to Bath, where they ſhould be received with maternal regard. She alſo

incloſed an hundred pound bank bill to each of the young ladies, and concluded with the warmeſt acknowledgments for his own benevolent intentions; at the ſame time requeſting he would draw upon her for every expence he might be at on account of her beloved brother.

"Thank God," cried Alworthy, a tear ſhining in his eye, "that goodneſs ſtill moves upon earth! My poor forlorn ones have found a protectreſs—my friend a comfort in theſe hours of trial." He then led Mrs. Milner (the name of Mrs. Forteſcue's woman) to the drawing-room. The ſolemnity of the ſcene, the beautiful compoſure of the dead, and the reſigned lovelineſs of the charming ſiſters, ſo affected her, that but for a ſhower of tears ſhe muſt have fainted. Mrs. Milner was not unknown to them; ſhe had attended their aunt on ſeveral viſits at the Caſtle, and was now received with that complacent ſweetneſs which ever diſtinguiſhed their manners.

"A dreary change," ſaid Ellen, the tears of remembrance ſtealing down her cheeks, "ſince you laſt ſaw us, my good Mrs. Milner." Mr. Alworthy changed the ſubject, by informing them of their aunt's affection. They peruſed her letter with the warmeſt gratitude. Ellen, preſſing it to her boſom, exclaimed, "My dear aunt! my ſecond mother!" "Amiable ſiſter of my parent in more than blood, in virtue!" added Madeline; "how this will ſooth my ſuffering parent,—a parent—" continued ſhe with firmneſs, "whom I will never quit. No! a priſon ſhall not part us—no misfortune ſhall divide me from my duty." "And I will ſhare your fate—be it cold, hunger, and want,"—rejoined Ellen.

Ceaſe your amiable contention, interrupted Alworthy, if I may preſume to dictate, my dear girls. Ellen ſhall attend her aunt; one is neceſſary to watch the weakneſs of a lonely father, Madeline.—"Oh!" cried Ellen,—"but I will ſee him—and ſince I muſt ſepa-

rate from my beloved Madeline,—leave theſe dear walls, where we have been ſo happy,—to my reſpected aunt I will devote my duty." "You ſhall ſee your father, my affectionate Ellen, and receive his bleſſing in your way to Bath——but of that hereafter——a more ſacred ceremony now demands my attention."

A glance at the coffin conveyed his meaning. They turned to the bleſſed being, whom they had never beheld but with a glow of delight, to take a parting kiſs,—a laſt farewell! when Madeline, folding the cold form to her boſom, cloſed her eyes, and fainting, was carried from the room. Ellen knelt—preſſed the lifeleſs hand to her lips,—"farewell! my bleſſed mother!"—ſhe could ſay no more.—Miriam bent over the coffin—ſpeech was denied her—ſhe turned to her agitated mother, who, overcame with her feelings, required that attention which the inſtructive friend of her youth no longer wanted. Mrs. Milner attended them to another apartment. Alworthy alone remained. He offered a ſhort petition

petition for compoſure on the occaſion, when the coffin was cloſed down upon the beſt of created beings. The corpſe was conducted to the family vault by torch-light; a few neighbouring gentlemen, who venerated her worth while living, entreating to teſtify the laſt mark of their reſpect, attended the proceſſion, which was on foot, the vault being within the walls of the Caſtle.

The poor penſioners and ſchool girls lined the Chapel; and while the Rector preached the funeral ſermon, their ſobs were ſo audible, that with difficulty he finiſhed his diſcourſe; which, while it deſcribed the meek virtues and exalted piety of the deceaſed, excited the ſurvivors to imitate the bright example, and deſerve the ſame reward in a never-ending hereafter.

CHAP. XVI.

TWO days after the interment of Mrs. Montgomery, the Caſtle became a ſcene of confuſion. The ſiſters, with a firmneſs which did honor to hearts ſenſible as theirs, beheld the furniture packing up in lots for ſale, and without a murmur, viewed their chamber organ and piano-forte, gifts of their dear aunt, removed into the great hall for the ſame purpoſe.

As

As they were ſeated in their late mother's dreſſing-room, they overheard Mr. Alworthy debating with a low, yet earneſt voice.—— "He is pleading ſome cauſe for us with theſe bailiffs," cries Ellen. "Let us join him then," ſaid Madeline; "he ſpeaks of pictures." They puſhed open the drawing-room door, and beheld him with their parents' portraits, in ſmall gold frames, in his hands.— "I can't indeed,—it is felony,—I ſhould be tranſported," replied the bailiff, to ſome queſtion that had been aſked.

"I have, my children," ſaid the Rector——"Not a word more, my kind friend," ——interrupted Madeline, quickly. "I underſtand theſe poor ſhades are denied—— no more——yet indeed 'tis too hard——too much—but I ſubmit——." At that moment a figure, perfectly unknown, of dark, auſtere aſpect, approached; his dreſs was mean and dirty; a long black beard covered his chin, and reached down to a ſhirt nearly of the ſame hue; a gloom, which hung on

his heavy brows, and a cunning down-caſt eye, that DURST NOT LOOK THE CHRISTIAN IN THE FACE, proclaimed him of the Hebrew tribe.

" Here," cried the bailiff, " is Mr. Solomon himſelf; he can ſell the pictures—they are all his own." " His own!" exclaimed Ellen, ſcornfully. " Yes, yes,—they be all my own," returned the Jew. " Who made them yours? ſhe demanded." " It be von man—vat be his name," ſaid he, taking a ſtampt paper from his pocket—" Archibald Montgomery,"—added he, ſhewing a ſignature, that could not be diſputed. " All is right and proper," ſaid Mr. Alworthy;—— " you will meet no oppoſition, Mr. Solomon;—but will you have the kindneſs, in pity to the feelings of a daughter, to reſtore theſe portraits?—invaluable to all—except to thoſe who now entreat them from your goodneſs." " You ſay vera pretty vords—but they be all mine—gold frames will ſell."

" Oh,

"Oh, take the frames—grant us but the paintings," interrupted Madeline. "Yes, yes—me vill tink—ven I do get all the plate, de jewels,——may be den me vill give you dem." "Theſe gentlemen will deliver you, Sir, the keys of the plate, linen, and china; ——jewels there are none." "Oh, but me vill look—examine your boxes and drawers." "You may," reſumed Madeline, indignantly, who ill bore her truth being ſuſpected.

"Stop, Sir," cried Ellen, with a look her ſiſter well knew indicated reſentment.—— "Stop—deliver me up thoſe pictures, and I will diſcover my late mother's jewels;——but ſwear ſome oath that you will not revoke your gift, ſhould they be leſs valuable than you expect." "Now, by father Abraham, you ſhall take dem from the houſe; and don't let me ſee dem again;—temptation—temptation be ſtrong—they be gold."——"They are given before witneſſes, and never more ſhall come in your ſight; and now, good Mr. Solomon, I will attend you to my mother's jew-

els,—jewels which ſhe guarded with anxious care; gazing on their brightneſs, ſhe paſſed her moſt ſatisfied hours; each day adding ſomething to their luſtre and their number;—a few, I confeſs, are removed beyond your reach." "Ah, how be dat." "Be patient, Sir; you will ſtill find enough to gratify you." "Let us be gone,——let us be gone,"—cried the exulting Hebrew; "may be, me vill give you ſome. Go, Miſtreſs," to Madeline, "you voud have wronged and cheated a poor Jew—a vera, vera poor Jew." Madeline now diſcovered her ſiſter intended to puniſh the Hebrew's inſolence and avarice; nor did ſhe attempt to prevent her, but followed, with the wondering Alworthy, in ſilence. Ellen preceded the party with much conſequence, and entered the interiour paſſage that led to the ſquare.

"My mother kept them in ſecret," ſaid ſhe. "Oh, pretty Miſs, it vas vera right." The aſylum dinner-bell had aſſembled the whole penſioners and ſchool. On the appearance

pearance of their dear benefactreſs, they aroſe and dropped a grateful courtſey. "Behold," cried Ellen, with an air of blended dignity and reſentment, "my mother's jewels; the luſtre they received from her, was the meek precepts of charity and virtue—a luſtre, that will ſtill illumine earth, and ſhine in heaven hereafter. Behold, even now the tears of gratitude which ſparkle in their eyes at the remembered name! more precious, Jew, in the pure ſight of God, than all the gems thy avarice expected——but, that you preſumed to doubt a ſiſter's truth, I had ſpared thy ſoul this cruel diſappointment." With a friendly ſmile to the community, ſhe took her ſiſter's arm, and left the wonderſtruck Jew to muſe at leiſure.

Something like feeling, for a moment dawned upon his mind; but was inſtantly obſcured by the remembrance of his diſappointment, and the deluſion practiſed on him, when rage and malignity reſumed their place, and he retired, imprecating more curſes on the

the innocent head of Ellen, than, if poſſible, hang over his own. He, however, ordered every thing conducive to his own comfort, and agreeable to his palate. *Here*, thought he, they ſhall find I will *now* be paramount; and indeed the firſt ſtretch of his arbitrary power, was a written command to quit HIS premiſes next day.

"This order," ſaid Alworthy, with ſome emotion, "matters little to you, my dear Ellen, as we join your father, who to-morrow ſets out for London, and you will have the pleaſure of his company on the journey. Madeline cannot go until apartments are prepared; but at the Rectory will be attended by Martha, until Jarvis or I return to conduct her to her father." "And will the child of my heart,—the beloved of my Joſiah,"—cried Mrs. Primroſe, "ſeek a home, while theſe weak arms are open to receive her? Ah! Madeline, wouldſt thee indeed accept another roof?" "My kindeſt, deareſt Mrs. Primroſe, think not your favored

Madeline

Madeline ever doubted your regard or welcome. No—you are goodneſs in its moſt amiable form; but ſay, will it not be better, the few days I muſt be dependent on the kindneſs of my friends, to accept Mr. Alworthy's offer? Hear my reaſons, and you ſhall direct me. Will not my preſence recall unpleaſing ideas to the mind of Mr. Primroſe? Will he not feel anew the departure of his ſon? And, oh!" continued ſhe, the tears ſtreaming from her eyes, "my heart is now too tender to endure the wounds of unkindneſs."

"Fear them not," replied Mrs. Primroſe. "Nothing but the fondneſs of thy friend, and favored Miriam, ſhall reach thee—thee ſhall be loved for thy ſorrow, and cheriſhed for thy dependence. Think thee beholdeſt the form of thine adoring Joſiah, praying thee to bleſs his mother,——a mother, Madeline,—haſtening on her way to death.—I ſhall meet thine—let me then ſay unto her,—thee didſt comfort me."

"Diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe," replied the weeping girl——"your love ſhall ſooth me for every frown I meet, until I ſhare my father's priſon."

CHAP. XVII.

NEXT morning the charming ſiſters felt in their approaching ſeparation, as if their mother had but juſt expired. "How many more evils, my Madeline," cried Ellen, "ſhall the death of our bleſſed mother bring upon us? Her cares are over—but, oh!

oh! her helpleſs girls!——Dear ſiſter, with you I could ſtill be happy,——with you,—ever my guide,—my monitreſs,—I ſhould be ſafe,—but left to the erring direction of myſelf, I may multiply afflictions on the head of my father. Oh! my ſiſter,——let me ſhare your fate,—wait upon our parent:——leave me not alone,——elſe may the poor weak Ellen fall!"

"My deareſt Ellen," replied Madeline; "exert your fortitude;——remember what your aunt demands;—you may help to beguile the languor attending the chamber of ſickneſs. Young and beautiful as you are, my ſiſter, I approve your diffidence of your own ſtrength; yet think not you are alone: governed by virtue, and directed by religion, heaven will be your guard,——and that will better ſecure your ſafety, than if ſurrounded by an hoſt of friends. Be calm then, my beloved Ellen; and depend, that the preſent clouds of adverſity will be diſperſed, and that, though

though a mother can never be reſtored, we yet have a father, who but lives to ſee us happy, and, under his care, we may meet again!"

Ellen became a little compoſed, and with tolerable ſpirits they both prepared for their departure. The pleaſing aſſurance of being in a few hours in the arms of a father, alone ſupported Ellen in parting with her ſiſter, who conſidered it one ſtep to peace, that ſhe would be ſecure from thoſe perils and wants, which ſhe feared ſhe had to encounter. Alworthy was to follow Ellen in a few hours, and only waited to ſettle a little plan with Madeline. The faithful Martha he retained at the Rectory, until the Major could again receive her. Madeline took an affectionate leave of all the ſervants, and recommended them to neighbouring families, who were pleaſed to receive them from ſo good a ſchool; and when ſhe had beſtowed a mark of her regard on each, thanked them for their dutiful attachment.

She

She told the Rector she had still a little business to dispatch, when she would attend his pleasure. "Yes," said she, "a painful ceremony is still unperformed:"—poor old Giles, grown double with years, she requested to ring the asylum bell, and assemble all in the school room. She entered with the sweetest composure; and smiling with kind familiarity, said, "I am come, my friends,"—but, happening to glance at the fire-place, she beheld the rules of the school, written in her mother's hand,—she ceased,—the tears she struggled to repress, rushed in her eyes, and spread the contagion around. Recovering a little, she summoned fortitude to proceed:——"I hoped, my friends, that I had assumed sufficient courage to bid you farewell with calmness; yet with that regret I must feel for the sad necessity; but remembered pleasures crowd on my mind, and deny me power. You, my old friends," continued she, addressing the pensioners,—"more particularly demand commiseration. Bending beneath the weight of age and infirmities, if driven

driven from this ſheltering roof, when the little fund ſhall fail, whither will ye find repoſe? I may plead in your favor,—but cold, alas! is the charity of the world; and poor and helpleſs as I now am, I can only commend ye to the care of that gracious Being, who invites the weary and heavy laden to his boſom. For you, my little friends,"—turning to the weeping children,——" I feel leſs;—riſing into life, with youth, health, and innocence,—honeſt induſtry will procure you decent bread. Behold in me, my good girls, a young woman, poor,—friendleſs,—and deſtitute as yourſelves. Indeed more pitiable—for I have known the pleaſures of affluence—yet I will not deſpair, though reduced to ſeek that kindneſs I once beſtowed on you. Seek not relief in the paths of guilt;—remember," added ſhe, with dignity, " we had all the ſame preceptreſs——let us then imitate her humility, and reſemble her in virtue—let us improve by her example, and honor her memory and counſels, by always preferring a life of humble and irreproachable poverty, to the brighteſt

brighteſt advantages vice and pride can offer. This advice, my *dear* friends, is the laſt teſtimony of Madeline's affectionate concern for your welfare.——Adieu!"

Leaving then the contents of her green purſe on the table, ſhe hurried from the room, to ſpare her ſenſibility a farther pang, and give way to her emotions.

"I ſhould have detained you, my ſweet Madeline, had I known your intention," ſaid Alworthy, on her joining him, "and ſaved you a heart ach." "No, you would not," replied ſhe; "you would not have deprived me of the pleaſure, though a ſad one, of ſaying farewell to our aſylum. I ſhould diſhonor the precepts of my mother, if I placed eaſe in competition with duty; and I am perſuaded I ſhall ever feel in "one ſelf-approving hour," more ſatisfaction, than bribing worlds could offer."

"Excellent

"Excellent Madeline!" replied Alworthy, folding her in his arms; "thy mother's goodneſs will re-bloom in you—bleſſings be with you—in three weeks, perhaps leſs, expect me;" he then mounted his horſe, and Madeline, amidſt the ſobs and cries of ſervants, left the Caſtle, and attended her friends to the Valley.

Mr. Primroſe welcomed her with cold formality; but as he ſaid nothing, ſhe was contented. He often condemned, with acrimony, the deceit and baſeneſs of the great; thanking God he had preſerved his children from wedding among them. Sometimes, ſoftened by remembrance, he would pity friend Montgomery; and once offered Madeline ſome bank bills; ſhe, however, declined the favor, aſſuring him ſhe had enough for preſent expences. The hundred pound note ſhe had incloſed her father: the contents of her purſe were left in the aſylum, ſo what ſhe poſſeſſed may be diſcovered hereafter.

During

During her abode in the Valley, ſhe received the ſincereſt pleaſure in knowing ſhe contributed largely to the peace of the declining Mrs. Primroſe. To beguile her of reflection, ſhe would ſpeak of Joſiah—how much ſhe loved him——what joy his return would afford her——until the mother would forget her cares in the momentary pleaſure. Often Mrs. Primroſe regretted Miriam's attachment; but prayed unnumbered bleſſings on her, whatever might happen.

Madeline received a letter from Ellen, aſſuring her the health of her father was reſtored, and his ſpirits returning.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE weather proving ſtormy, confined Madeline to the Valley; yet often her ideas wandered to the Caſtle, and its beloved haunts. One ſerene evening, when the moon ſhone with unuſual ſplendor, without hinting her intention even to Miriam, ſhe determined to enjoy the ſad luxury of a ſolitary ramble through the woods of Montgomery. Unobſerved, ſhe left the houſe, and a quick pace ſoon brought her to the lawn.

A few

A few lonely ſheep approached, and licked her hands; ſhe preſſed their fleecy backs, and haſtened to the long-loved ſecluded wilderneſs. She was ſeated on an old oak, within the deepeſt ſhades of a favorite receſs, where an obſcure winding path led to the great road, and only ſeparated by a dry ditch. Here ſhe ſat, revolving the circumſtances of the laſt month, and laying out plans for the future, when ſhe heard the faint cry of an infant. It ceaſed; ſhe ſuppoſed it fancy; when again it returned, and ſunk with the breeze.

At length a ſenſation of fear rouſed her; ſhe conſidered ſhe was alone in the woods, and at a diſtance from any habitation; ſhe aroſe, and bending her ſteps through the path, meaning to reach the road as the ſafeſt way home, when a favorite pointer of her father's, who had followed her, darting before her, ſet up a loud bark. Hardly knowing what ſhe did, ſhe flew, and in a few minutes reached a little gate, which opened to the road. Looking round to call the dog,

ſhe beheld him ſeated in the ditch, growling at ſome figure, which in vain attempted to reach the bank.

" Fly," cried fear, within her boſom—" look what it is," added curioſity. Both had been ungratified, when the humanity of a Montgomery interpoſed and decided the conteſt;——it may be diſtreſs, and requires aſſiſtance. She approached—when a poor woman raiſed her head, and diſcovered a pale face, which appeared ſtill more wan by the moon ſhining full upon it. " For the love of God," exclaimed ſhe, in the Scottiſh dialect, " help a poor woman and her infants." Madeline knelt upon the ground, and receiving two babies, laid them on the bank, and aſſiſted the woman to climb up. " God's bleſſing be upon you," cried ſhe; " but, oh! where now can I go."

" Alas!" replied Madeline, while the melancholy truth ſtruck upon her heart:—" Alas! I have no aſylum to offer you now; but

but can you walk? I will lead you to a friend, and will carry one of your infants."

Madeline firſt intended conducting her to the Valley, but reflecting it might occaſion ſome contention, and ſeeing her totter under her innocent burden, a little inn appearing on the road ſide, thither ſhe reſolved to convey her charge, and yield her every comfort ſhe could afford. "Support yourſelf on my arm," ſaid Madeline; indeed it was neceſſary, for as they reached the door, ſhe ſunk in a fainting fit, Madeline with difficulty ſaving the infant which fell from her arms.—ſhe attended her to a bed-room, and diſpatched a boy to inform her friends what had detained her; and by the time the ſtranger was ſufficiently recovered to give ſome account of herſelf, Miriam arrived, when they liſtened to her as follows:——

"It is not yet a year," ſaid ſhe, "ſin I was the dofteſt laſſie that lilted on the Banks

of Tweed. I was born in Edinburgh, but my parents dying, a ſiſter of my father's took me to live with her at Berwick. I led a quiet humble life till I was nineteen, when a great lord riding paſt our houſe, had his carriage broke down, and received ſome ſevere bruiſes. He was brought in, and my aunt gave every aſſiſtance in her power, until he recovered, which was upwards of a month; in that time, my lord's gentleman was ſo pleaſed with me, and I, a witleſs thing, ſo pleaſed with him, that we went off and were married. It was kept a ſecret from every one but a couſin of mine, who was preſent. Well, ladies, my dear Truman (that was his name) attended his lord to London, and vowed, as ſoon as he was ſettled in buſineſs, to ſend money, to bring me to him. We parted ſad enough, but I truſted in his love, and made myſelf eaſy; at laſt I fell very ill, and my aunt, diſcovering my complaint, called me vile wretch, and turned me out of the houſe. I was taken in by my couſin, and

there

there delivered of theſe dear bairnes. I never heard of my dear Truman, till they were ſix weeks old, when I had a letter, incloſing ten pounds, and deſiring me to come directly to London, for that he had got a good ſhop. Joyful enough I ſet out, and yeſterday reached York; there a poſtillion ſaid he would drive me in a return chaiſe eighteen miles for one ſhilling. I conſented, and a ſad conſent it was—for near the ditch where you, Madam, relieved me, the chaiſe was ſtopt, and, lord forgive me! but I think by the driver himſelf, and I was ordered to give my box, which held my money. I gave it, ſhaking like a leaf, when he pulled me out, and threw me into the ditch, where with difficulty I ſaved my precious infants; and now, dear lady, that my life is preſerved, I am undone; for how can I reach my huſband, without one penny." Here ſhe finiſhed, and burſting into tears, melted the hearts of her fair auditors.

Madeline aroſe, and bade her be perfectly compoſed, for that ſhe would enable her to

reach her huſband. Putting her hand into her pocket, ſhe pulled out her green ſilk purſe. Alas! it was empty—ſhe applied to her mother's—poor Madeline was again diſappointed——ſhe retreated a few ſteps, ſat down, and, overcome with painful emotions, fell into an agony of tears.

Miriam approached her; "thee forgeteſt, my friend, that thine other purſe is in my pocket." The hint was unheeded,—ſhe continued to weep, when Miriam, dropping ſeven guineas into Madeline's green purſe, advanced to the poor woman, ſaying,—— "Stranger, accept this purſe, and keep it in remembrance of her who hath preſerved thee; but for the goodneſs of that mourning friend, thee and thine infants had been loſt! Keep it then I ſay; and ſhould the God of proſperity repleniſh it to thee, ſtill let it open to the neceſſities of others, as the hand of benevolence opened it to thine."

Mrs.

Mrs. Truman took the purſe, laid her infants at the feet of Madeline, and, kneeling herſelf, attempted to pray ſome incoherent bleſſings. She fixed her eyes on the face of her benefactreſs, until her head dropped upon her knee. Miriam raiſed her—and a ſtage-coach paſſing in the morning, ſhe recommended her to the care of the landlady, and taking the hand of Madeline, attended by a ſervant, arrived at the Valley.

Next morning Mrs. Primroſe mildly complained of the alarm her abſence had given; when Miriam related the cauſe, only ſuppreſſing that her own purſe had aſſiſted the ſtranger. Mrs. Primroſe threw her arms around Madeline, ſaying, "Daughter of my love, I not only ſeal the kiſs of peace upon thy lips, but the kiſs of admiration for thy goodneſs: in the reflection of the deed, I am rewarded for my little uneaſineſs on thine account. Madeline returned her embrace—when Mr. Primroſe, with the accuſtomed gloom darkning his countenance, exclaimed,

" thinkeſt thee not, friend Madeline, that thy late charity ſavoureth of folly?" " Of folly!" repeated ſhe, with ſurpriſe. " Yea, damſel, of folly; thee ſhouldſt NOW learn to confine it." " I ſhall confine it, Sir."—— " To what?" " To the unhappy:" adding, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, with a *proud humility*, " hitherto it hath been given me to beſtow—now, alas! humbled and deſtitute, I need myſelf the little pittance which I gave; yet, poor and bereaved as I am, I ſtill have a ſigh and a tear for the unfortunate."

Mrs. Primroſe perceiving her huſband's emphatic NOW had ſtruck the delicate mind of Madeline, turned to her with a ſhining eye and ſaid, " thee art the good Samaritan, who poureth the wine and oil of compaſſion into the wounds of all; and the great giver of good will yet make the wine and oil of comfort flow around thyſelf." Regarded as were Mrs. Primroſe and Miriam by the affectionate Madeline, and dear as were the white turrets of

of Montgomery, yet ſo diſguſted was ſhe with the bigotry and unkind hints of the quaker, that ſhe ardently wiſhed herſelf in her father's priſon——a priſon, her imagination pourtrayed more diſmal than the baſtile itſelf.

Miriam was now debarred every innocent indulgence; the ſaſh was thrown aſide, and the cloſe ſilk bonnet reſumed; muſic was diſallowed—and the Valley altogether become ſo cheerleſs and unpleaſant, that in converſing on the expected return of Glanville, Madeline's former arguments of perſevering duty, became fainter and fainter, until totally loſt in the confeſſion, that ſhould their fears be realized in the death of Mrs. Primroſe, that her fortitude would fail—in the conflict, between duty to a harſh parent, and the wiſhes of an amiable lover,—a lover approved by one parent, and licenced by the grateful eſteem of an excellent brother.

Madeline, inured to evil, was beginning to fear ſome new misfortune, when the arrival of honeſt Jarvis ſilenced her apprehenſions.

"My good Jarvis," cried ſhe, giving her hand to the attached domeſtic, "how does my father?" "His honor is very well; and when he ſees you, will be quite the thing." "Thank heaven!" and away ſhe flew to read her letters. Her father's aſſured her, "he was out of danger, and that the thoughts of her ſociety gave him ſpirits; added, that religion had enabled him to reflect with ſerene ſatisfaction on the happy hours he had paſt with her ſainted mother, and encouraged him to look forward, with delighted faith, to that bliſsful ſtate, where they ſhould meet to part no more!—but that he owed her cheriſhed worth the ſacrifice of living a little longer, to guard and direct the dear bleſſings ſhe had left him, and by protecting the loved charge, honor her memory who was the promoter

moter of all his joys, and inſpirer of his virtues." He informed her, "that Ellen's becoming and amiable ſenſibility had much endeared her, and exalted her in his eſteem;—that ſhe left him with reluctance, and intreated to ſhare his priſon.

"In the preſence of his Madeline he expected the ſincereſt pleaſure; her charming powers would beguile his lonely hours of languor, and perhaps," continued he, "we may even find in our fate a bright ſpeck to cheer the gloom of confinement." He offered every kind and reſpectful acknowledgment to her friends for their attention; incloſed her thirty pounds of her hundred; and concluded with ſaying, "as the ineſtimable Alworthy aſſured him every juſt demand was anſwered, and no poor trader a ſufferer by his misfortunes, he could now allow his Madeline to be generous, and leave a remembrance of her bounty with her little dependants."

Ellen's letter from Bath conveyed her real comfort; she had been received with maternal regard; even her uncle beheld her with pleasure; that she was not allowed to confine herself, though she entreated to wait upon him. Yet I am not happy—the absence of my Madeline—the misfortunes of my father, lay heavy—and I should be more gratified in sharing with you his little all.

"Dear Ellen," exclaimed Madeline,—— "thou art very good, and that insures thee the care of heaven." Our heroine's mind was now tranquillized, and she spoke of her journey with such cheerful pleasure, that a stranger would have supposed her going to a favorite residence, instead of the confines of a dismal prison.

"We will set out to-morrow, Jarvis," said she. "Yes, Miss; at what hour shall I order the carriage?" "Carriage! my good friend," resumed she, smiling; "we must

muſt ſuit our equipage to our circumſtances; what think you of the ſtage? with you in it, I ſhall be perfectly ſafe; and the expences that would be really loſt on a poſt-chaiſe, will be infinitely better beſtowed, in contributing to our future comfort and convenience."

Poor Jarvis almoſt wept. Pulling out an old book, he produced a twenty pound note. "My Maſter, Miſs," cried he, "gave me this, to attend you in a poſt-chaiſe." "Ah, my good fellow, I am indebted to your pious fraud; but," continued ſhe, in a voice that contradicted her aſſertion, "you know me very obſtinate." Madeline was always determined in what ſhe conceived right; and the mortified Jarvis returned his note into the book.

The hour of ſeparation arrived. "I feel," ſaid Mrs. Primroſe, mournfully, "a pang beyond my utterance; never more ſhall I ſee thee, Madeline,—never! 'till we meet in the climes of bliſs!—there, the gentle im-

preſſion of thy love, the ſweet remembrance of thy worth, ſhall be carried;—there, friendſhip ſhall flouriſh in immortal bloom. Now, my Madeline, ere thee goeſt, let me pray thee never to forſake thy Miriam. Perhaps, when I am laid low, her father may prove yet more unkind—then, be thee her ſiſter—let thy father be her father, even as thy God is her God—and if one hath the goods of fortune, let it ſuffice for the other."

"My beſt, my deareſt friend," replied Madeline, "ſacred ſhall be thy wiſh; fortune may fail us, friends may prove unkind, and parents be relentleſs,—but we will never leave or forſake each other." "So heaven bleſs me!" added Miriam. They ſealed the amiable contract on the pale lips of Mrs. Primroſe; and taking a friendly leave of the quaker, Madeline bade adieu to Montgomery Caſtle, Miriam attending her to the laſt moment. Painful were her ſenſations, when, ſeated in the coach, ſhe received the faint preſſure of her beloved Miriam's hand. Nothing

thing but the expected happineſs of ſoftening her father's fate, and receiving his dear bleſſing, could have ſupported her.

She met with no adventure, but arrived perfectly ſafe at the lodgings Jarvis had prepared for her in London Road, St. George's Fields.

CHAP. XIX.

MADELINE had been ever accuſtomed to the moſt elegant propriety in the Caſtle of Montgomery, therefore

fore the ſtile in which theſe apartments were finiſhed, excited no wonder, though ſhe conſidered them infinitely too expenſive for her views, and the daughter of a priſoner.

Turning to the landlady, a very decent woman, ſhe inquired what was expected for the three rooms. "Two guineas a week, Madam." "I ſhould do you wrong," reſumed Madeline, "and be acting with a diſſimulation I deſpiſe, if I led you into any error reſpecting my ſituation. In hiring theſe apartments, this good man," pointing to Jarvis, "conſidered what I *had been*,—not what I *now am*,——daughter to a priſoner in the King's-Bench, whoſe reſources can by no means afford ſuch a rent. If, under theſe circumſtances, you will accommodate me with one convenient room, and a bed for a ſervant, and can feel yourſelf eaſy under my aſſurance to pay you, I ſhall certainly be obliged; if not, I have only acted right, and regret not my frankneſs."

Jarvis

Jarvis ſtood petrified at the words of his Miſtreſs, while Mrs. Cook (the landlady) ſtared with wonder. She had often let her lodgings, and to the relatives of priſoners, and had been frequently unpaid; ſhe had known them carefully conceal their poverty, wear a falſe appearance, and anxiouſly endeavour, by every little art, to magnify their circumſtances in the eyes of others. The figure of Madeline was certainly prepoſſeſſing, and though ſimply attired in a black great coat and beaver hat, with a plain crape band, appeared charming. The air of candour, amiable freedom, and confeſſed embarraſſment, attracted the liking of the landlady; and though they were recommendations ſhe had never truſted before, now reſolved to hazard the trial.

Turning with much good nature, ſhe replied, that her ſincerity was ſo very amiable, that ſhe ſhould feel a pleaſure in accommodating her upon her own terms. "I have a parlour," added ſhe, "with an alcove bed, which

which I hope may anſwer, for indeed I ſhould regret parting with ſo uncommon a lodger.—I have, by Mr. Jarvis's order, hired you a maid, who can ſleep with mine, and this I can afford you for half a guinea per week."

The room ſuited—Madeline arranged her baggage and little matters with her ſervant, and then informed Mrs. Cook ſhe was going to attend her father. They parted with mutual ſatisfaction.

Our heroine felt perfectly compoſed, until Jarvis pointed to the high wall which ſurrounds the King's-Bench; when the idea that it confined her father, ſhook her firmneſs.—To divert her, Jarvis turned the ſubject, wondering ſhe ſhould ſqueeze herſelf into a ſingle room; and expreſſed a reſpectful murmur, that bordered on diſapprobation, for having diſcloſed their affairs.

"My good Jarvis," replied ſhe, "you have formed a very wrong opinion;——you *will not* view matters in a proper light, becauſe

cauſe it would pain the honeſt pride and affectionate zeal you have for a maſter's intereſt; but remove the veil of deluſion, and a moment's conſideration muſt convince you, that I have acted with prudence. Had I concealed my father's impriſonment, the fear of diſcovery would have embittered every hour. My daily viſits to the priſon had rendered a diſcovery unavoidable, when diſſimulation would have met with its merited contempt; and had I retained theſe expenſive apartments, a very few weeks muſt have exhauſted our little ſtore, deprived my father of little comforts, and involved us beyond recovery. Now I have nothing to dread; and though I may have diſappointed Mrs. Cook, ſhe never can upbraid me with having deceived her."

Jarvis liſtened in ſilence; his reaſon approved, but his heart ſtill murmured. They had now reached the flight of ſteps which lead to the outer lobby of this amazing priſon.—It was duſk; and a lamp hanging over the chimney,

chimney, threw a diſmal light acroſs the place. Unfortunately for the feelings of Madeline, as ſhe aſcended they were forcing ſome offending priſoner into the ſtrong room that fronted the door at which ſhe entered.

Naturally conceiving it the paſſage to the dreary cells, and the culprit a priſoner conducting to confinement, her reſolution ſickened at the view,—nature prevailed,——and faintly exclaiming, "is this an abode for my father!" fell lifeleſs into the arms of Jarvis.

The countenance of Madeline ever made her friends—and when her lips and cheeks were pale as death, it wore a ſtill more intereſting charm. The filial pang which had wrung her heart, and reduced her to inſenſibility, appeared on her features, and excited an admiring pity.

By the humane attention of Mr. H——ll, (the Deputy Marſhal) and his attendants, life began

began to reviſit its forſaken manſion. Her miſtake was rectified:—" the place you ſuppoſed your father's abode," ſaid Mr. H—, " is only a dungeon for the temporary puniſhment of an offending priſoner. You will find him, Madam, more comfortable than you can conceive—be then compoſed—nor diſtreſs him by your agitation." She gracefully thanked him, and proceeded.

When the ſecond door was opened, ſhe looked with aſtoniſhment where the priſoners could reſide in ſuch a confined little Court; but when Jarvis led her on, and the third door was uncloſed, every ſenſe yielded to wonder, on beholding the extenſive parade, and large regular building. The proſpect relieved her ſpirits; ſhe felt leſs diſpleaſed.

" Jarvis," ſaid ſhe, " with the addition of towers, turrets, and battlements, fancy might conceive this our dear old Caſtle—but where is my father?" An enquiry was made at the Coffee-room—the Major was at dinner

ner in Captain Granby's apartment. "Where is that?" cried Jarvis. "Five in ten."

Madeline liſtened; but her knowledge in three languages could not furniſh her with any explanation. Jarvis was inſtructed. "We ſhall find him now, Miſs," ſaid he, as he led her through a long paſſage; and up one flight of ſtairs—two—three—"Mercy, Jarvis! how many more?" "Here we are, Miſs." The door was opened; when ſhe darted into the extended arms of her beloved parent.

The pleaſing ſurpriſe of the few laſt minutes had brightened her eyes, and diſperſed the preceding gloom—a glow of filial delight animated every feature, and enlivened her voice, which afforded much pleaſure to her father's heart. He introduced her to Captain and Mrs. Granby with ſuch an eaſy compoſure, that ſhe felt tranſported in the idea of his returning cheerfulneſs.

She

She now had leiſure to look around her;—the apartment was neatly furniſhed—the bed concealed by a green curtain—an excellent fire and two good candles warmed and gave it an air of comfort—while Captain Granby and his wife, by the powers of conviviality, baniſhed the complaint of ſorrow.

Wine was on the table; but in compliment to Madeline, was removed for tea;—who, aſtoniſhed at the ſcene, and the internal ſatisfaction ſhe felt, exclaimed, "and is this indeed a priſon!——is my father's room like this?"

Mrs. Granby replied, his apartment is ſuperior to this—much better furniſhed—and now *you are come*, will be the moſt agreeable in the place. She ſoon after tea retired with her father; and ſeated on his knee, they converſed on paſt events, and arranged the future, with perfect calmneſs.

The

The Major approved the alteration reſpecting her lodging, while he ſighed for the neceſſity. She inquired for Alworthy with that affection he deſerved. He was to dine with her father next day, and leave town in the evening, as the Major declined eating at any of the various meſſes in the garriſon, (as the military named the priſon.)

Madeline's inclination, added to her œconomy, determined her to dine every day with her father, wiſely conſidering that which was cooked for one, might ſuffice for two. Unmindful of time, her attention was engaged with a tinkling bell, and a hoarſe voice bawling "Women and children, all out."

"Heavens!" cried Madeline, "what has occaſioned ſo harſh a command?" Be not alarmed, replied her father; it is only a warning to ſtrangers that the gates are cloſing for the night. "But upon an emergency they would be opened," ſaid ſhe.

"No,

"No, my love," anſwered the Major.—"No circumſtance would be deemed of ſufficient conſequence to infringe the rules; and, excellent as they generally are, that is a very great error in the government, for a poor wretched priſoner might expire for want of neceſſary aid; not but what we have phyſicians, ſurgeons, and apothecaries in abundance within; but I am rather dubious as to the quality and application of their medicines."

"Then I can't get out to-night," reſumed Madeline." "Yes, my child—a quarter of an hour is allowed after the firſt bell." "It is a wonderful place," returned ſhe. "A little commonwealth, my dear. Men of every profeſſion and trade are within theſe walls;—here the induſtrious mechanic may purſue his buſineſs, and ſupport his family; one ſhilling per week pays his rent; he is free from taxes, and ſecure from duns; nay, ſome become ſo attached to the place, that when releaſed by

the creditor, compulſion is neceſſary to force their departure. But theſe, my Madeline, are the bright tints of the picture——turn to the ſhade, and you will behold the brave, unhappy officer—the neglected divine—and reduced gentleman—pining in ſecret anguiſh, ſtruggling with want, and ſinking beneath the oppreſſion of poverty and injuſtice. Proud from the remembrance of better days, they diſdain that public charity the place collects; and, forgotten by thoſe who ſhould yield them ſome comfort, they ſoon forget themſelves—have recourſe to diſſipation for relief, become its victims, and cloſe the ſcene of guilt and miſery together. But, good night, my precious Madeline! the ſecond bell rings:——another time you ſhall hear the ſtory of an officer, who lately died within theſe walls.

Madeline was ſo perfectly engaged with her own reflections, that it was not until Jarvis reſpectfully wiſhed her good night at Mrs. Cook's door, ſhe recollected where ſhe was.

was. Her maid attended her to her room, where ſhe found a cheerful fire; and after giving orders (and what ſhe now found equally neceſſary, money) for breakfaſt early next morning, ſhe retired to bed.

Sleep fled her invitation, while fancy traced and retraced the occurrences of the day. To find comfort in a priſon ſurpriſed her; to hear of its miſeries, ſhocked her; in ſhort, within a few hours, ſhe knew more of life than the experience of near eighteen years had taught her.

As we have now conducted our heroine to an abode ſhe will occupy for ſome time, vouchſafe, gentle reader, to go back a little way, and learn the particulars of what drove Major Montgomery from his hereditary dwelling,——robbed him of happineſs and plenty,—ſcattered his family,—and laid him in a priſon to ſtruggle with calamity;—and learn from it, that "nothing is ſo uncertain

as the condition of human life;" that no care nor caution can ſecure us from misfortune;—nor no ſituation ſo firm, but what the ſtorms of adverſity may ſhake it. Be it then the unerring aim of every heart to treaſure that peace of mind, preſerve that rectitude of principle, which ſupported Major Montgomery againſt the bitter tide of affliction, animated him when deſpondency was ſtrong, and will cheer the ſoul in the laſt faintings of expiring nature!

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

IT may be remembered, that the friendſhip of Major Montgomery and Sir Joſeph Cleveland commenced at a very early period of life. The Major was indebted to the Baronet for his firſt commiſſion in the army, and at a time when he had offended his father, by diſſenting from his opinion, croſſing his wiſhes, and refuſing thoſe "bluſhing honors" he had prepared for his acceptance.

His father's diſpleaſure had reduced him to a ſtate of dependence, when the unexpected

and generous kindneſs of Sir Joſeph relieved his mind, and placed him in a deſirable ſituation—a ſituation, which led him to the poſſeſſion of that exalted being, who ſweetened the hours of his future life.

The heart of Montgomery was warm and grateful; he beheld his friend as ſomething more than mortal; and as his happineſs increaſed, the deeper impreſſion the remembrance made on his mind, and the more he venerated the author of his bliſs. Pleaſureable indeed were his ſenſations, on his retirement to the Caſtle, to learn that the reſidence of his friend was ſo near his own; and every returning ſeaſon that brought the Baronet to the North, conveyed an additional ſatisfaction to the Major; and though the ſentiments of Mrs. Montgomery were too refined to admit of intimacy with Lady Cleveland, a friendly politeneſs ſubſiſted, which afforded ample opportunities for the friends to evince their mutual zeal and regard.

The

The Baronet's character has been pourtrayed; the principles of goodneſs and honor, which nature implanted in his breaſt, were ſoon buried in the grave of diſſipation. Expenſive pleaſures ruined his fortune——to retrieve which, he united himſelf to a woman without one endearing quality. To generous feelings ſhe was a ſtranger;——weak from nature, and deſtitute of ſenſibility, ſhe merely retained a fair reputation; not from the love or practice of virtue,—ſhe owed it to a cold inſenſible heart, and the abſence of thoſe perſonal charms, which lead the beautiful and ſuſceptible into the maze of temptation. Such a partner was ill calculated to reform the conduct of a gay young man.

Their fate was progreſſive—an inordinate love of pleaſure, and indulgence of his paſſions, firſt led him to folly——from folly he deſcended to vice—from vice he plunged into guilt ſo deep, that it cloſed his career and ruin in deſpair. A fatal propenſity to gaming ſhook the foundation of his fortune; and

the boundleſs extravagance of a diſſolute ſon, with the reſt of his family, brought him to the brink of deſtruction; when a ſtart of reſolution induced him to reviſit Howard Place at an early ſeaſon, with a determination to fix his abode there for life; but, alas! temptation ſmiled, and he haſtened his deſtiny.

A great ſpeculator arrived on a viſit, mentioned a plan, which promiſed ſucceſs. The Baronet's fortitude yielded——but the means were wanting. Every acre was mortgaged, but the park and gardens around his dwelling; and that could but bring inſufficient for the pooreſt ſhare in the vaſt undertaking.

He applied to his lady—ſhe relinquiſhed her jointure——he gave a bond and judgment on Howard Place and the effects, and ſtill ten thouſand pounds were wanting. His wits were again diſtracted. Montgomery occurred——but a faint ray of honor beamed on his mind, and he ſpurned the deteſted thought of involving his friend—'till ſome deluding demon

demon whiſpered,——"Succeſs will retrieve your fortune, and repay your friend;"—and again invention was at work to procure the Major's name, without diſcloſing his purpoſe, or awakening ſuſpicion. At length a ſcheme was contrived.

Lady Cleveland, from ſome ſecret motives, had encouraged Joſeph's paſſion for Madeline, and frequently hinted it to her huſband as an excellent match; but partial as he was to his ſon, the ties of nature blinded him not to the enormity of his errors; nor could he think of betraying a young woman, graced with every modeſt, every endearing charm, to the poſſeſſion of a being ſo depraved. Yet he reſolved to avail himſelf of the circumſtance of his attachment, to accompliſh his purpoſe with her father.

Often conſcience cried, "ſpare thy friend! hang not his peace upon a venture!"—but irreſolution returned, and the firſt oppor-

tunity, a private interview with the Major was requeſted.

" My deareſt friend," ſaid the Baronet, " I have ſolicited this conference upon a matter that mutually intereſts us. I am well aware it may alarm your pride, yet let the feelings of a father plead, and you will grant it a ſacrifice to our long uninterrupted friendſhip. My ſon, contrary to my expectations, has diſclaimed thoſe follies, which obſcured the latent virtues of his mind. This reformation is owing to an affection for your charming Madeline. Pardon his preſumption:—Yes, my dear Major, it is preſumption to hope for your daughter, deſcended from the moſt illuſtrious anceſtors, and my ſon, with a ſtain my guilt impreſſes on his name——"

" No more, my dear Sir Joſeph," interrupted the Major; " an alliance with your family, would afford *me* the moſt heart-felt ſatisfaction; but before we proceed in the buſineſs,

buſineſs, I muſt premiſe two circumſtances: My daughters, until their mother's death, have nothing; no conſideration ſhould induce me to deprive of a ſingle comfort the woman who ſacrificed all to me—even then, a few thouſands will be their whole poſſeſſions. Secondly, if my Madeline's heart conſents not, I would not match her with a prince; but if they are mutually attached, your ſon's illegitimate birth will not weigh one grain in the balance of my refuſal."

"My generous friend!" cried the Baronet, "Lady Cleveland aſſures me there is really a penchant; ſo now permit me to acquaint you, what I intend for Joſeph's eſtabliſhment. The eſtate of Cranefield is now advertiſed for private ſale: here are the terms of purchaſe—taking papers from a cabinet: —Thirty-five thouſand pounds is the loweſt price; and my ſurveyor declares it a valuable and improvable purchaſe. This I mean to ſettle on him and deſcendants. My daughters are my legal heirs. I have ſpent im-

menſe ſums, Major, and am at preſent rather embarraſſed how to accompliſh this purchaſe. Here," added he, ſhewing his banker's receipt, " here are twenty-five thouſand —yet ſtill ten are wanting. Lady Cleveland could furniſh me with more than the ſum, but I know her nature would murmur at ſuch a large fortune going to Joſeph. I wiſh not to mortgage—and IF your excellent Madeline agrees to our plan, until my rents become due, I will borrow your name for a few months to compleat my purpoſe immediately."

The Major coloured, but replied not.—The Baronet *would not* ſee his confuſion; but making an appointment for a ſecond interview, led him to the drawing-room.

The Major's converſation with his daughter, and her firm rejection of Mr. Cleveland, may be remembered. The refuſal hurt not her father, for he approved not the man, though he regarded him as the ſon of his friend;

friend; he therefore determined to give an unequivocal anſwer, and put a negative on his addreſſes: but, could he, conſiſtent with generoſity, refuſe his name. Would it not be an impeachment of his gratitude? imply a want of confidence in the honor of his friend? prove himſelf unworthy of his long regard and former favors? Certainly:—had Madeline complied, I had refuſed. As it is, I muſt not. What! deny my friend, becauſe I ſhall not profit. No! I diſdain the thought. Pardon the momentary ſtruggle, my injured benefactor! but it never ſhall diſturb thee.——When they met, he declined the honor of his alliance, pleading Madeline's reluctance.

"You have been miſinformed, my dear Sir," added he, "reſpecting the ſtate of her heart; but be not alſo miſtaken in my intention; ſtill accept any accommodation I can offer to promote the intereſt of your ſon.—Your friendſhip claims the confidence I now repoſe in your honor. Several ſtampt ſheets

of

of paper lay on the table—the pen was in his hand—and in a moment, fatal to his future days, he ſubſcribed, *Archibald Montgomery.*"

The blood ruſhed into the face of Sir Joſeph, while a cold dew overſpread the brows of the Major. Neither had the power of ſpeech;—when, to relieve an indeſcribable ſenſation, the poor victim of gratitude bowed and retired.

Twice the Baronet turned the handle of the door——twice his lips eſſayed to recall his betrayed friend——but ſome dark power, buſy with the peace of Montgomery, withdrew his hand, and cloſed his trembling lips.

The ſheet was filled up, and preſented to the Major for peruſal. He beheld himſelf bound to pay ten thouſand pounds at the expiration of ſix months, or judgment would be iſſued againſt his perſon and effects, by Jacob Solomon. Something flaſhed before his eyes, as he read the fatal paper. He

wiſhed it cancelled, but gratitude forbade, and he returned it to Sir Joſeph, who ſaid,—"within three months I ſhall reſtore my generous friend his ſecurity, which at preſent is of eſſential ſervice."

The whole thirty-five thouſand was embarked in the fine ſcheme, propoſed by the able ſpeculator and his adherents. The Baronet's expectations were high, his hopes ſanguine—but ſtill the poſſibility of failure at times gave him horror inconceivable. At length he became gloomy and abſent, ſhuddered at a dream, and preſaged impending miſchief from every trifling circumſtance:—when a letter from a confidential friend reduced him to the verge of madneſs; the glorious plan tottered to the foundation, and he was adviſed, if poſſible, to withdraw his property. He flew to London, but was too late——every hope was blighted, and the golden bubble burſt.

The cruſh of contending elements had fallen lighter than this information on the loſt undone Sir Joſeph. One feeble ray alone penetrated the darkened horrors which involved him, could he prevail on his wife to enable him to ſave his friend. His unſucceſsful efforts with her have been already related. The idea of ſuicide had been familiar; he doubted not the being of a God, but he deſpaired of his mercy—and driven to deſperation by his wife's unfeeling refuſal that night, he reſolved to eaſe his heart of the intolerable load which agonized him.

Diſappointed of his piſtols by the precaution of his valet, he took a razor from his dreſſing-caſe, and kneeling, tried to pray.—His heavy eyes were raiſed to heaven, but to him, all appeared dark and cheerleſs. No ray of mercy viſits the diſtruſting mind——convulſions ſhook his frame—the attempted prayer died on his lips—nor could his tortured heart reſpire another. The waiting demons

nerved

nerved his arm with ſtrengthened fury, and urged the fatal blow that forced the trembling ſpirit, ſtained with ſelf-devoted blood, on the preſence of an Almighty God.

Here cloſe the ſcene—nor dare, preſumptuous mortal, to decide, how far eternal mercy will extend!

Guiltleſs as was the boſom of the ruined Major, yet he was not happy, after ſigning the fatal deed. Circumſtances ſhook his confidence; and though on the expoſure of Joſeph Cleveland's baſeneſs, he rejoiced in his child's eſcape, ſtill anxiety wrung his heart.

Mrs. Montgomery's doubts of his friend's affluence alarmed him, yet he diſcouraged ſuſpicion. Captain Glanville's hint of ſpeculation ſtruck him like a bolt of thunder—he flew to Howard Place——Sir Joſeph was ſetting out for town, aſſumed an air of eaſe, bade him baniſh an idea that injured *his* honor, and wronged his friendſhip; and aſſured him

him on his return the ſecurity ſhould be delivered up.

When the Major next ſaw him, his affected vivacity and happineſs—an aſſurance that his Solicitor would arrive in a few hours with his papers—together with his equivocal replies and intended reform, ſilenced every fear, and he returned home ſatisfied.

Deceitful calm! ſucceeded by a ſtorm, that laid his peace and fortunes in the duſt.

But we will now return to our heroine.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

MADELINE was accuſtomed to riſe early, and notwithſtanding the fatigues of the preceding day, and a very few hours repoſe, ſhe was up and dreſſed by eight o'clock. She requeſted Mrs. Cook to take breakfaſt with her, and had ſcarcely finiſhed the meal, when Jarvis arrived to attend her to her father. The good old man was pleaſed at ſeeing his young lady ſo comfortable, tho' he glanced an envious look at the ſtairs which led to the apartments he had engaged.

She

She entered the priſon with perfect compoſure, and replied to the inquiries of Mr. H—l with that engaging ſweetneſs ſhe poſſeſſed. She ſurveyed the place with increaſed wonder,—when ſhe beheld ſome gentlemen playing at rackets, others walking with well-dreſſed women, and every face wearing an air of buſineſs or pleaſure.

When ſhe reached her father's room, Mr. Alworthy received her in his arms, and congratulated her on her recovered appearance. "But for your kindneſs, my dear Sir, we ſhould have been all loſt." Again embracing her, he exclaimed, "grateful girl! ſuch was thy angelic mother, when I firſt beheld her." He took an early and affectionate leave, and, attended by Jarvis, ſet out for the city, where he hired a chaiſe for the North.

Our poor heroine always entered the priſon with a quick ſtep and light heart; but the ſad idea that ſhe could not take her beloved parent with her, never failed to depreſs her at leaving

leaving it. Weeks ſtole on, yet no proſpect, no hope, appeared of relief, and ſpite of every effort, her heart yielded to deſpondency. Nothing but her father's reſignation, and the knowledge that ſhe contributed to his comfort, could have ſupported her; and that alone ſuppreſſed complaint in his preſence.

One evening, that her father had a cold, ſhe attended him to bed; when Jarvis preſented letters from Ellen. She was delighted with her aunt, and with her ſituation; only wanted her dear father and ſiſter to be completely happy. She informed them, that the phyſicians having declared her uncle's infirm ſtate could not bear the rigor of an Engliſh winter, her aunt was attending him to Liſbon, and requeſted her company; but that ſhe had declined giving a definitive anſwer, 'till ſhe knew the pleaſure of her father; and that if he, or her beloved Madeline, would feel the leaſt ſatisfaction or relief from her preſence, without one reluctant thought ſhe would relinquiſh the journey,—

her

her uncle, aunt, and every pleaſure they promiſed;—join them directly, ſhare their priſon, and be happy.

Madeline's anſwer was on her lips; when her father, throwing down the letter, looked tenderly at her, and exclaimed, "happy Ellen!—and muſt my duteous Madeline alone be miſerable!"

"Miſerable!" repeated ſhe,—"to watch your wiſhes,—contribute to your eaſe,—receive your ſmiles,—and hear your daily bleſſings;——can this be miſery?——Ah, my father! baniſh ſuch a thought, which, if indulged, indeed will make me wretched."

"Image of my ſainted love!" returned her father: "heaven will irradiate where thy goodneſs dwells; ſtill then ſhalt thou cheer this gloomy chamber. Anſwer my Ellen's letter, convey my bleſſing, and leave to attend my ſiſter."

Ellen's

Ellen's letter further desired Jarvis would recommend a proper person as Major Domo, as Mr. Fortescue's gentleman declined going abroad. A thought struck the Major it would advantage Jarvis himself; but hard was the task to prevail on the faithful creature to leave his beloved master; but a promise to be received on his return, with a hint, that he was wished to be about Ellen, at length wrung a reluctant consent. He was the bearer of Madeline's answer, which was dictated in the tendercst manner, and with a gaiety her forlorn condition by no means authorized.

Ellen's presence would indeed afford me comfort, thought she, as she closed her letters, and cheer many dismal hours; but shall that selfish idea induce me to involve her in my increasing difficulties? Oh, no! My sister, be ever happy, though Madeline may pine in sorrow.

Let it not be conceived any envious particle lurked in the gentle bosom of my heroine,

roine, on reflecting on her ſiſter's ſuperior ſituation. No,—ſhe never knew the guilt of envy; her preſent deſpondency more particularly aroſe from declining circumſtances.

Her mother's green purſe, which ſhe regarded as the moſt ſacred relic, lay before her, and contained only one ſolitary guinea; nor knew ſhe, in all the wide world, where to ſeek another. Dreary proſpect! for one bred in the lap of plenty:—but for her father, ſhe had ſunk without making a ſingle exertion.

Seated one morning by him, a tap at the door obliged her to riſe. It was the baker, followed by the butcher, with their weekly bills. She looked in her father's face;—it fluſhed the deepeſt red;——when in total ſilence, without examining the bills, ſhe laid her remaining guinea on the table. Perfectly ſhe defined her father's bluſh; and her own complexion heightened, leſt they amounted to more; however, three ſhillings being returned,

turned, they became unembarraſſed, and, taking up the paper of the day, among other faſhionable news ſhe read, "yeſterday Lord and Lady Delahay, with their family, arrived in town for the winter."

"I am thinking," ſaid her father, interrupting her, "that you ought to wait upon your Aunt Lady Delahay; ſhe is the ſiſter of your mother, and you owe her duty. Death may have ſoftened her reſentment, and ſhe may prove your friend."

Madeline ſighed; would have remonſtrated,—but it was her father's wiſh, which always had the preference. "You muſt wait on her to-morrow, my love;—ſhrink not," he continued. "You have a natural right to her tenderneſs—nor will ſhe refuſe it to the repreſentative of a ſiſter once dear to her heart."

Madeline liſtened in ſilence, and reſolved to obey, however repugnant to her feelings. Next morning ſhe aroſe ſpiritleſs and unrefreſhed. Madeline, ever accuſtomed to aſſociate with the refined and polite, was perfectly free from *mauvaiſe honte*, or embarraſſment in preſence of the great; yet, notwithſtanding theſe advantages, and a large portion of courage ſhe had collected for the occaſion, her ſpirits failed as ſhe approached Groſvenor-ſquare. She had a faint remembrance of her mother's viſit; and the ſentiment ſhe then felt towards Lady Delahay had ſtrengthened with her years; yet ſhe might hear of her uncle, Lord Cliſford, which indeed was her father's prevailing motive for deſiring her to make ſo reluctant a viſit.

Upon enquiring for her Ladyſhip, ſhe was inſtantly admitted. Whether the prepoſſeſſing ſweetneſs of her charming little figure, or a change of ſervants procured her that favor, I know not; but it was an unuſual privilege at

at Lord Delahay's gates. She followed a footman to the dreſſing-room:——"Miſs Montgomery,"—ſaid he, and retired.

Her aunt was amuſing herſelf with a favourite monkey, one young lady was turning the leaves of ſome new muſic, another reading, and an agreeable youth reclining on a ſofa. Madeline had courteſied gracefully on her entrance, and was advancing, when Lady Delahay met her with a ſcornful look, ſaying, "Miſs Montgomery, I do not know you." Madeline ſtood immovable,——but ſoon replied, "I am daughter, Madam, to your late ſiſter." "Oh! and pray what may have procured me the HONOR of this viſit?" "Duty." "Then you may carry it where it will be better received——I claim not the diſtinction——but, pray," continued ſhe, in a ſneering tone,—"how come you alone to offer duty?" "My ſiſter, Madam, reſides with her Aunt, Mrs. Forteſcue, when at Bath, but is now gone to Liſbon, for the recovery of my Uncle's health."

"Dear Madam," interrupted Lady Bab, "can that be the charming woman who gave the grand gala the twentieth of November?"

"Simple girl!" cried her ladyſhip;—— "ſhe has an immenſe fortune, and this young woman means her father's ſiſter."

"'Tis probably the ſame," reſumed Madeline, mildly, without noticing her remark, "for my Aunt always celebrates that day, being the one which gave my father life."

"But the lady I mean" continued Lady Bab, had no niece with her." "No, Madam; it is only ſince the death of my mother, that ſhe needed the honor of her protection."

"Is your mother dead?" aſked Lady Delahay, as if ſhe had never heard it.

"Why does your ladyſhip forget," rejoined the other daughter, "that we read it with a long account of virtue, godlineſs, and the lord

lord knows what beſide?" "I recollect it now, Lady Anne;——and pray, addreſſing Madeline, For what purpoſe do you quit your old Caſtle?" "A fatal confidence which my father placed in an unhappy friend drove us from the kindly dwelling." "And where may he be now?" "Confined!" anſwered poor Madeline, her voice faltering; "confined within the walls of a dreary priſon!"

"You have offended Mrs. Forteſcue, I ſuppoſe," ſaid her Aunt, "or ſhe would protect you equally with your ſiſter."

"She would indeed, Madam; but I could not forſake my father, and leave him pining on a bed of care!" "Nay, prithee girl, ceaſe thy pathetics, nor fancy I ſhall try to ſhake thy duty; were I indeed intereſted in you, I might adviſe you to diſclaim that romantic folly, which led your mother to ruin, and your father moſt likely to the pariſh."

"Spare, ſpare my parents!" cried Madeline, burſting into tears,—"I came for comfort—but I will not aſk it——" yet, oh! in pity, add not inſult to my anguiſh."

"Fear it not," returned her ladyſhip, contemptuouſly; and that I may not have an opportunity to again offer inſult to ſuch aſtoniſhing nice feelings, I pray you confine your offers of duty to your father's priſon. The effrontery was matchleſs that led you to expect countenance from one whom your mother diſgraced. You may now retire, young woman—I have been thus explicit to ſave you uture mortification, as theſe gates ſhall never more admit a race, over whom impends my father's malediction."

"Your ladyſhip has indeed been condeſcendingly explicit," replied Madeline, reſuming all the mild dignity of injured worth; "and I ſhould neither inherit my father's ſpirit, nor my mother's honor, if I again intruded on your preſence. I came indeed, with

with every ſentiment of duty, to be guided by your counſel, and cheriſhed by your kindneſs—but I wronged, Madam, the FIRMNESS *of* YOUR NATURE, and ſhall return much better pleaſed, that—I owe you nothing.—Permit me, ladies," added ſhe, addreſſing her Couſins with expreſſive ſweetneſs, "to be obliged to you for the information I requeſt concerning Lord Clifford. Does he live?—and where is his reſidence?"

"Inſolence!" interrupted her Aunt, with fury—"Lord Clifford diſdains your name—nor ſhall he be ſubjected to the whine of your needy complaint."

"Your Ladyſhip," reſumed Madeline, reſentment ſparkling in her eyes, "is reſolved, poor as I am, to extort ſomething from me."

"Impertinent!—What?"——"Perfect diſdain!"—Bowing then to her Couſins, and the youth, who appeared much agitated, ſhe left the room.

When the porter opened the door, it blew a tempeſt, attended by a violent ſhower of hail. He very reſpectfully entreated her to wait until the ſtorm abated, but wiſhing to be unobſerved, and yield to her emotions, ſhe thanked him, and adding, "it little matters," flew round the ſquare.

The ſtorm beat full in her face, and, almoſt overpowered with her internal ſtruggle, ſhe leaned againſt the corner of a houſe.

Welcome indeed would have been the coach that offered for her acceptance;—ſhe ſhook her head, implying refuſal—for, alas! the green purſe contained but three ſhillings. As ſhe ſtood, almoſt inſenſible, the tears ſtreaming down her cheeks, ſome one gently touched her,——ſhe turned—and beheld the youth ſhe had left at her Aunt's.

——"Permit me, for God ſake, Madam,"—ſaid he, in the kindeſt accents, "to lead you to a coach—you are cold and wet." "Not for

for worlds," replied ſhe, eagerly——indeed, I—I cannot take a coach.

"Whither then ſhall I conduct you?"—"Oh!" interrupted ſhe, looking wildly,—"whither indeed!"

A man before them crying,—"A coach, your honour," and a gathering crowd, forced her to ſtep in. After weeping a few minutes, ſhe regained ſufficient compoſure to entreat being ſet down.

"Allow me firſt to ſpeak to you," ſaid he, reſpectfully, "and ſay where you wiſh to go: where is your father? We will go to him; and *if*, after the unworthy treatment you have received, you can condeſcend to accept the information you wiſh, of Lord Clifford, from the ſon of Lady Delahay, I ſhall be but too happy in affording it,"

She acknowledged his kindneſs with a look that amply repaid him; adding, "you might

indeed, Sir, expect a mean retaliation from the daughter of thoſe you have heard ſo unjuſtly traduced; but I am above it; and while my heart feels a proper ſcorn for that malevolence, which could oppreſs me when poor, and ſpurn me when humbled, yet does honor to your humanity."

On their arrival at the King's-Bench, the Major was ſurpriſed to ſee a ſtranger return with his daughter; and when ſhe related the poor ſucceſs of her viſit in the mildeſt terms, to ſpare his feelings, as well as the youth's, he offered the warmeſt acknowledgments for his humane attention.

This young man was ſecond ſon to Lord Delahay. He was amiable, ſenſible, and benevolent; but yet while his eldeſt brother was ſupported in every extravagance, he ſeldom had a guinea at command. He informed them that Lord Clifford had lately loſt his wife; that he was now making the tour of Europe with his only ſon, an engaging youth,

and that he was expected in England in a few weeks. "If you will give me permiſſion," added he, on his Lordſhip's return, I will have the pleaſure to attend him to you and my amiable Couſin; and, believe me, Sir, you have every thing to hope from his regard to the very name of your late lady. Pardon me ſaying more—a cauſe, which muſt be ſacred, ſeals my lips."

The Major perfectly underſtood him; and after giving him permiſſion to inform Lord Clifford of his abode, turned the converſation, and entreated him to partake of a ſimple tureen of ſoup. He accepted the invitation, and at parting, declared he had ſeldom paſt a day ſo happy. He promiſed to frequently viſit them, and, with a reſpectful adieu to the Major, took a tender leave of his too intereſting Couſin, and left them.

Madeline wiſhed her father an early good night—her ſpirits were depreſſed—and ſhe

wiſhed to indulge her languor alone. Seated in her little parlour, ſhe ſeriouſly reflected on her helpleſs ſituation——every reſource was exhauſted, and her father and ſelf on the brink of periſhing. "Unhappy Madeline!" exclaimed ſhe, "lay thee to reſt, and never riſe again!—View not a parent languiſh in want, nor thyſelf the pity of a ſcorning world.—No door opens to ſhelter thee——no ear liſtens to thy complaint——no hand will raiſe my dejected head—nor cheer thy deſponding boſom!——Oh! Providence,—ſinking on her knees,——"yet lead me from deſpair—deign me ſome portion of thy ſpirit——and teach me how to ſave a father. I thank thee, good God.——Yes!—I have hands:—feeble as they are, they may do ſomething——and how ſweet the morſel!—how bleſſed to preſerve a parent!"

Occupied with her intended plan, ſhe retired to bed; and next morning, without feeling the leaſt humbled or embarraſſed, requeſted

queſted Mrs. Cook would recommend her to ſome embroiderer, as her affairs were in that deranged ſtate which made exertion neceſſary.

Obſerving her landlady, who really admired and loved her, ſurpriſed and ſhocked,—ſhe continued,——" Do not pity or endeavour to diſſuade me from my purpoſe——I have too much pride to receive the one—nor will circumſtances allow me to liſten to the other. Employment will contribute to my comfort, and prevent my ideas wandering to former happineſs."

Seeing her reſolved, Mrs. Cook replied, ſhe knew an embroiderer who employed a number of hands, and that ſhe would recommend her, and be ſecurity for the work.

" How good you are!" ſaid Madeline, gratefully; " favor me with a few lines to your friend, and I will attend immediately, for I am quite impatient to begin, only forget not to conceal my own name."

In

In a few minutes Madeline received the letter, and, attired as plain as poſſile, arrived at Madame Debonville's in Taviſtock-ſtreet. The ſhop was crowded with faſhionable people, and the confident ſtare of the gentlemen, and ſcornful gaze of the ladies, a little intimidated our modeſt heroine; but caſting down her eyes, and aſſuming an air of indifference, ſhe preſented her letter.

Madame Debonville glanced it over, and ſaying, "you ſhall be employed, Miſs Watſon, if I find you have taſte; walk into the parlour—when I am at leiſure, I ſhall ſpeak to you. Madeline retired, but was ſoon followed by a gentleman who had ſtood by Madame Debonville, apparently purchaſing a waiſtcoat.

She was looking at ſome patterns, when he threw himſelf in the chair next her, and ſtaring rudely in her face, exclaimed,—"do you know, my dear, you are provokingly handſome."

She

She raiſed her eyes—but inſtantly returned them on the drawings, and remained ſilent. She imagined the face familiar, and was recollecting where ſhe had ſeen it; when, taking her hand, he continued, "theſe eyes, my fair one, were made for a better purpoſe than poring over theſe papers; prithee throw them aſide, and let me teach you how to uſe them."

She withdrew her hand with perfect coolneſs, and replied, with the moſt chilling air, "if they had power to expreſs what I think, it would by no means flatter you."

"No!" ſaid he, conceitedly. "I am curious to know what that may be."

"That you are a moſt inſignificant fop, and beneath correction—elſe you ſhould receive it." She then aroſe, and was proceeding to the ſhop, when Madame Debonville entered, when again ſhe was ſeated.

"Mrs.

"Mrs. Cook gives you high commendations," ſaid ſhe. "Did you ever work for the ſhops?" "Never, Madam."

"I have no work drawn, Miſs Watſon—but call to-morrow, and it ſhall be ready."

"I will wait upon you moſt readily," replied Madeline; "but if it will be any accommodation to you, I will venture to undertake the drawing alſo." "Indeed child! then you will be a valuable body to me, if you have a quick nice finger."

"I ſhall take a pleaſure in giving you ſatisfaction," ſaid our heroine, with a ſmile of content on her features, and, pinning up her parcel, with a reſpectful courteſy retired.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

MADAME DEBONVILLE had been at ſchool with Mrs. Cook, and was always called a fine ſmart girl. At the age of eighteen ſhe attended a gay woman of faſhion to France as fille de chambre, but attracting the notice of her maſter, the conſequence was an indiſpoſition, which obliged her to quit her ſervice, and her Lord ſoon tiring of his conqueſt, with the douceur of one thouſand pounds, he prevailed on his French valet

valet to make her an honeſt woman. They returned to England, and this ſum enabling them to commence buſineſs with eclat, their houſe became the reſort of faſhion, folly, and ſometimes vice.

Madame was every way kind and accommodating; had always an elegant private room, to which her female cuſtomers could retire, either to make or keep an aſſignation.

Gentlemen were equally indebted to her. She would plan and plot to promote their pleaſures; and if her young work-women would be ſo ſilly as to prefer virtue to a good ſettlement, it was not the fault of Madame Debonville.

The mild intereſting figure of our heroine, inſtantly attracted her notice; but there was a chaſte reſerve, a modeſt dignity in her face and manner, which ſhe would gladly have diſpenſed with, and which ſhe hoped ſoon to ſee thrown aſide.

There

There is a bewitching girl, ſaid Madeline's tormentor, as ſhe entered the ſhop. "I do not know her," replied Madame; but when ſhe had peruſed the letter, and ſent her into the parlour, turning to him, ſhe ſaid, "you may follow her——'tis only a poor embroidereſs."

The rebuff this gentleman received from Madeline, had a little daunted his aſſurance; and as he never offered his wiſhes any oppoſition, ſhe had no ſooner left the room, than he exclaimed to Madame, "perdition on the ſcornful vixen, but I'll have her!"

"You have always deſtroyed your own ſchemes," returned ſhe, "by your precipitancy—let me diſcover what ſhe is, and I will prepare her for the honor I ſee you intend her." He then toſt a handful of guineas into her lap, ſaying, give that, or make the little witch ſome preſent. Goddeſſes have yielded to gold—and how ſhould a mortal reſiſt

reſiſt the temptation! He then quitted his kind friend, who determined next day to ſee Mrs. Cook, and learn every circumſtance reſpecting her young work-woman; meantime ſhe was tripping gaily on her way, happy in the idea of ſupporting herſelf and father by induſtry.

Yet ſtill ſhe was embarraſſed; how ſhould they exiſt until ſhe had finiſhed one piece of work—her parent was deſtitute, and no credit in a priſon. She was occupied with theſe reflections, when arriving at the Obeliſk in St. George's-Fields, ſhe obſerved an elegant large ſhop, and over the door in gold letters, "Money lent." That was incomprehenſible—but looking at the window ſhe diſcovered, "Old gold bought here." Her watch was gold—but it is the gift of a dear aunt, cried remembrance;——my father's wants demand it, replied filial love;—and ſhe entered the ſhop in ſilence, laying it on the counter.

"How

"How much do you want, Miſs?" aſked the man, eyeing her. "I do not know its value, Sir,—but you will be juſt to a perſon, whoſe ignorance lays her at your mercy."

"Why to be ſure I will—and what do you think of five guineas?" "Five guineas!" exclaimed Madeline;—"indeed I muſt not ſell it for ſo little."

"Well," then reſumed the man,—"in hopes you will be a cuſtomer, I will lend you ſix pounds." "Lend me!" repeated Madeline, about to refuſe the favor from a ſtranger, when he interrupted her,—"yes Miſs, I will lend you that ſum on your watch; if you won't take it, why there is no harm done."

"I underſtand you not, Sir." "Why," returned he, "to oblige you, I will advance you ſix pounds on your watch, and when you bring me my money, you ſhall have it again."

"Will

"Will you indeed be ſo kind?" ſaid ſhe, pleaſed at the thought of preſerving her watch; "I am vaſtly obliged by your good nature—yet nothing could induce me to accept the favor from a ſtranger, but the knowledge that I leave thrice the value."

The pawnbroker ſtared, and began to think his new cuſtomer a little deranged; and ſeeing Miſs Watſon on the parcel, which Madame Debonville had wrote to prevent miſtaking it for another, without any queſtions he inſerted that name in the duplicate, which ſhe received in wondering ſilence, and departed. This man has the ſtrangeſt method of doing things, thought ſhe;—but particularities may be allowed to ſuch perfect good nature.

On her arrival at Mrs. Cook's, ſhe entered her parlour, and exclaimed, "I have been the moſt fortunate creature to-day," and related her reception at Madame Debonville's, with her adventure in the ſhop."

"My

"My dear young lady!" replied Mrs. Cook, affected by her charming *naïvetté*,—"your diſtreſſes hurt me much, and your ignorance of the ways of this town will, I fear, expoſe you to deception. The man, whoſe good nature you applaud, is a pawnbroker, and receives exorbitant intereſt for the money he lends."

Madeline, a little abaſhed at her own ſimplicity, replied, "indeed, my dear friend, this town offers little but trouble to my conſideration. Oh! Montgomery—why was I driven from thy protecting ſhades!" She ſoon, however, wiped away her tears, and haſtened to her father.

With a world of contentment in her ſweet countenance, ſhe diſcloſed her future plan; and putting five guineas into his hand, with a tender ſalute, ſaid, "how comfortable, my dear Sir, we ſhall now be!"

"Comfort!

"Comfort! my child," returned the diſtreſſed father——"alas! what comfort for a wretch who hath reduced his child——the child—the image of Madeline Clifford,——to toil, as well as pray, for daily bread."

"Ceaſe that mournful ſtrain, my father," ſaid Madeline; "impede not my progreſs in a purſuit that will yield me ſuch genuine pleaſure. You will read to me while I work—when you are ſilent I will ſing—and we ſhall be ſo very contented, that heaven will ſmile, and the world wonder whence it ſprings."

Her cheerfulneſs compoſed her father; and after dinner ſhe commenced embroidreſs.

That her father might be ſpared the pain of ſeeing how conſtantly ſhe was obliged to work, to make any thing by it, ſhe framed a piece at home, and many of thoſe hours allotted for ſleep, ſhe devoted to her needle.

The

The pleaſing idea that ſhe was contributing to his eaſe, diffuſed ſerenity over her mind, and gave the colours a brighter hue, under her delicate fingers.

Madame Debonville paid Mrs. Cook a viſit, but her various inquiries after our heroine were ſimply anſwered, that ſhe was an orphan young woman from the country, under her care, and that ſhe had rich relations, but did not chooſe to be dependent on their bounty.

The chriſtian jubilee now approached:—Madeline had finiſhed her veſts, and, willing to inſure plenty on the feſtive day, carried them home.

Madame was certainly pleaſed with the work, for few had a more exquiſite taſte in ſhading. Paying her the money, ſhe added, ſmiling, "Mr. Hervey will wear them with ten-fold ſatisfaction, being your performance, Miſs Watſon."

"I have not the honor to know any one of the name," replied Madeline, gravely;—"nor does it concern me who is the purchaſer, ſo as the work meets your approbation."

"You muſt not be ſo grave and ſentimental, Watſon;—beauty like yours, with a little ſpirit, and properly managed, will make your fortune. Mr. Hervey is that agreeable rattle you met here the firſt time you came—he ſeemed to admire you;—and if we manœuvre right, we may make ſomething of him; he is very rich, and a ſingle man."

"Make of him!" repeated Madeline.—"Nature hath made him an impertinent fooliſh fop; but the ſubject is too unintereſting to be continued." She would have taken her leave, but Madame ſo ſtrongly inſiſted on her dining, that notwithſtanding her reluctance, and a diſguſt ſhe could not ſuppreſs, ſhe complied.

Mr.

Mr. Hervey's praiſe was ſounded perpetually; but ſhe either remained ſilent, or anſwered in ſimple monoſyllables; and ſoon after dinner aroſe to depart—when Mr. Hervey was announced.

Without deigning one look, ſhe was proceeding to the door, when he ſeized both her hands, and led her to a chair. Indignation for a moment ſtopped her breath—but recovering, with the moſt proud and repulſive glance ſhe could aſſume, ſhe ſaid, "What may your buſineſs be with me, Sir? or by what right do you detain me?"

"Charming girl! my buſineſs is love—as for the right of detention, I muſt entreat you to give it me." She aroſe with petrifying coldneſs, ſaying, "When I conceive you of ſufficient conſequence to excite one moment's reſentment, I may find a method to have your arrogance chaſtized," left the room.

Her ſcornful manner, and beautiful reſentment, ſo ſtung the pride, and inflamed the paſſion of her admirer, that he raged, blaſphemed, wept, and vowed he could not live without her—all in the ſame minute.

Nothing could compoſe him, but Madame Debonville's promiſing to deviſe ſomeplan to enſnare her to his purpoſe, when throwing his pocket-book at her, he exclaimed, "Thou precious devil, procure me but this enchanting girl, and diſpoſe of me as thou wilt."

"Curb your impatience, and depend upon me; I had impreſt her with a favorable opinion of you, but I fear you have given me my whole web of contrivance to reweave; but be quiet, you know my ability."

Meantime, penſive and unhappy returned our poor perſecuted heroine to her father.—Even the two guineas ſhe had received for her work, could not raiſe one pleaſurable idea.

idea. "Unfortunate Madeline!" thought ſhe—"how ill art thou formed to bear and forbear in this inſulting world! yet,"—and the tears ſtarted in her eyes——"the cup which my father gives me ſhall I not drink! and ſurely, ſince the words iſſued from the ſacred lips of our great Redeemer, never did they riſe from a more humble or reſigned heart.

Chriſtmas day paſt tolerably. Madeline aſſumed vivacity to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Granby; and though the Major remembered happier hours, he was compoſed.

On Madeline's return to her lodging, ſhe wondered her maid did not appear, but ſuppoſing her gone to bed, ſhe retired to her own without inquiring. Many colours had her cold fingers ſhaded next morning, yet ſtill no Polly appeared to give her the comfort of a fire; at length ſhe rung the bell—Mrs. Cook's ſervant anſwered it, and informed her Polly had been out all night.

Madeline was adviſed not to receive her again; and had agreed to be directed by her landlady, when entering her cloſet, ſhe found her trunks gone. Suppoſing Mrs. Cook had removed them, ſhe aſked where they were placed.

"Are they not in your own cloſet?" ſaid Mrs. Cook, with ſurpriſe. "No," replied Madeline, ſmiling. They both hurried back. The truth flaſhed on the mind of Mrs. Cook inſtantly. "The vile thief!" ſhe exclaimed, "has robbed you, after all your kindneſs. She took the opportunity when we were all out yeſterday, but I will diſcover her and hang her. Go for a conſtable—I will have the people's houſe ſearched that recommended her."

"Not for worlds," interrupted Madeline, ſtopping her—I would not be the means of bringing a fellow-creature to death, though merited, almoſt to ſave my own exiſtence.—It is a loſs," continued ſhe, calmly, but I have

have endured ſo many more ſevere, that this appears trifling; beſide, I have linen and two changes in my drawers, and upon recollection I eſteem myſelf very fortunate, that, when I ſent my writing caſe to my father, I ſuffered my miniatures and ſome ſacred remembrances to remain in it.

So calm and undiſturbed did Madeline appear, that, if Mrs. Cook had not ſeen that the trunks contained a very valuable wardrobe, ſhe would have ſuppoſed them of little conſequence. All inquiries after the thief were ineffectual. It had been a concerted plan between the girl and a very abandoned young man who courted her. She had ſeen the clothes when Madeline arranged her drawers, and mentioned them to him. Chriſtmas day afforded opportunity—the temptation was too ſtrong—their honeſty yielded, and deprived our poor heroine of an elegant wardrobe; but it was ſoon forgotten.

Being one day at work by her father, the following letter was delivered:——

" I had promiſed myſelf much ſatisfaction
" from being honored, Sir, with your per-
" miſſion, to ſometimes inquire for you and
" my lovely Couſin—but alas! I am pre-
" vented by a power which I can in no way
" reſiſt—yet, condeſcend to believe, that no-
" thing can alter my reſpect for your cha-
" racter, and my regard for the virtues of a
" much-wronged Uncle. Will Miſs Mont-
" gomery vouchſafe to accept the undiſſem-
" bled affection of an admiring Couſin?—
" who will ever treaſure the few hours ſpent
" in her ſociety as the happieſt in his life.—
" Lord Clifford is expected in town by the
" birth-day, when I will ſtrain every nerve
" to have him conducted to Major Montgo-
" mery. Deareſt Sir, adieu! and accept
" the reſpectful wiſhes of your devoted Ne-
" phew,

" CLEMENT DARVILLE."

" The

"The amiable youth has been discovered, and prevented from repeating his humane attention," said the Major, giving the letter to his daughter. "Surely some deceit must have been practised on your Uncle, else one so noble, as your mother described him, would never have treated merit like her's with neglect."

"It must be so, my dear father," replied Madeline, willing to encourage the idea in his bosom; "and how amiable is my Cousin! Surely he cannot be the son of Lady Delahay!"

"Providence, my child, will yet expose her dark devices, and the children of Madeline Clifford rise superior to her malice:—but I will close the subject, and finish a sermon of Dr. Fordyce's to young women, which I began this morning——it is applicable to you." He began:——

" And here I pleaſe myſelf with the " thought, that ſome of your boſoms are " throbbing with tenderneſs towards a de- " clining parent, whom heaven, willing to " furniſh a field for the exerciſe of all your " gratitude and zeal, hath thrown upon your " care. (The tear of ſenſibility trembled in the eye of Madeline.) " Methinks I ſee " you, my charming friend! like ſome guar- " dian angel, 'tending night and day the bed " of an honored father, who has loſt your " mother—(Madeline ſighed)—and who is " worn out with ſorrow, diſappointment, and " pain.—(her heart ſunk.)—I ſee you liſten- " ing in ſilence to catch the leaſt of his wiſh- " es——I ſee you watching every look to " learn his wants, before he ſpeaks them;— " now you gently raiſe the languid head, and " comfort the drooping heart, ſaying,—oh! " my parent, I'll be all to thee. View then " the good man's eyes turned to you with all " the unutterable fondneſs of paternal love, " melted by thoſe marks of duty—(the Ma-

jor

jor looked, and ſmiled on Madeline)—then " to heaven, in praiſe for ſuch a child, and " prayers for everlaſting bleſſings on her " head.—(the Major knelt and concluded.) " Say, thou daughter of diſobedience, when " knewſt thy ſoul a moment like this."

" Never!" ſaid Madeline, kneeling by her father—" yet how loſt and depraved muſt be the heart, which theſe pathetic lines cannot recover and lead to duty!"

CHAP. XXIII.

POOR Madeline continued to work at her frame with unremitting diligence, ſometimes indulging a hope that Lord Clifford's arrival would put an end to her labour. The birth-day arrived, the papers announced his appearance at Court, yet, alas! no intelligence came to her father's priſon—and again her dreams of hope yielded to deſpondence, and obliged her to work conſtantly, and even then ſhe found it difficult to furniſh their ſupport. At length her ſpirits forſook her, and her

her complexion faded. She wiſhed to relax a little—but, alas! induſtry or want were her only alternatives.

"Could I but fall alone," ſhe would ſay, in her deſpairing moments, "take the whole load of miſery myſelf, the ſtruggle ſoon ſhould ceaſe, and I ſhould reſt in quiet in the grave! but my father!—ſhade of my ſainted mother! riſe!—and oh! excite thy Madeline to fortitude! ſtill let thy influence guide her in her wanderings through the world! Oh! God, if the path is ſo dreary, ſo perplexed, and diſconſolate to the innocent,—how is it to the darkened conſcience that hath forfeited the ſun-ſhine of the guiltleſs mind, and rectitude of heart!"

One day that ſhe had finiſhed a ſuperb piece of work, in hopes of eſcaping the tormenting Hervey, ſhe ſet out before breakfaſt for Taviſtock-ſtreet. Madame Debonville was in perfect raptures with it, but obſerved, ſhe injured her complexion by ſuch intenſe

intenſe application. "It will not be allowed," ſaid ſhe. "Mr. Hervey, the moſt generous of men, knows your relations."

"Knows my relations," interrupted Madeline, colouring,—"I cannot think it."

"But he does, Miſs Watſon; and they have partly conſigned you to his care."

Madeline caſt on her the moſt piercing look, as ſhe replied, "Though I am young, Madame Debonville, and apparently unprotected, you muſt not think to practiſe arts upon my inexperience, for truſt me, I have a very vigilant guardian, who hath ample power to puniſh thoſe who would delude me."

"Well now," reſumed Madame, perfectly unabaſhed, "ſince that quick diſcernment of your's ſuſpects my information, I ſhall leave time to diſcover the truth; and, granting it a deluſion, ſuffer me to aſk you a

few

few queſtions: You are a poor unnoticed girl, toiling hard for daily bread, and loſing the bloom of youth and beauty in obſcurity and want; you are buried in poverty—unſupported by relations—unregarded by friends—and unheeded by the world."

Madeline wept at the picture of her own ſituation; and Madame ſuppoſing her ſoftened, proceeded:——

" But you will conſole yourſelf with poſſeſſing honor and virtue, and ſuch old faſhioned ſtuff; but accept, my lovely girl, the counſel of a friend, and conſider, if you are fainting for want, will virtue reſtore exhauſted nature? If ſhivering in the cold, will honor cover you? Why, if you are driven to the grave, even a coffin will be refuſed you, and the ſexton himſelf deny you a bed of duſt, unleſs there is ſomething more than the virtue and honor of the corpſe to pay him; hence then, my Watſon, with thy peeviſh, prudiſh words; receive the generous

Hervey

Hervey for your lover. Women of wit and beauty will visit you, and the men will adore you—for you have charms to set a world on fire. Here is a foretaste of his liberality—(presenting her a purse with one hundred guineas). You may command thousands—— indeed his life,—his fortune,——and perfect adoration."

What were the sensations of the virtuous Madeline, on hearing these proposals! Madeline, bred and cherished in the bosom of purity, solicited to become the willing victim of prostitution! A while the insulted girl sat petrified, with a variety of passions, struggling for utterance. At length she recovered speech. Indignant fire emitted from her eyes; and as the base seducer re-offered the purse, starting from her chair, she exclaimed,——

"Hence! vile woman, with thine empoisoned hire! nor contaminate my fingers with the polluted touch! Thee, thy employer,

ployer, and it, are equally deteſtable to my heart.——But have a care! nor more provoke my nature—leſt, poor and friendleſs as you ſuppoſe me, I may pronounce a name, that will ſhake thy guilty mind with terror; and reduce thee to that abject ſtate thine infamy deſerves. Theſe few weeks paſt, to your employment I owe ſubſiſtence——that conſideration now ſaves you——but preſume not on the gratitude which you now have cancelled, leſt you eraſe the remaining faint impreſſion, and feel the effects of my juſt reſentment."

It would be difficult to determine what name occurred to the mind of Madeline, that inſpired her mildneſs with ſuch ſpirit.——It could not be her father's—he was helpleſs and confined;——her uncle's—he ſhunned and diſregarded her;——Clement Darville's—he was young and powerleſs;——at the eternal Being's—her perſecutor would have laughed;——it was neither—yet all combined.—

Her

Her innocence claimed their united care; and ſhe felt, however poor her dependence on mortals, that in the anguiſhed moment ſhe ſhould not be deſerted.

That fear, which is ever the ſure attendant on guilt, for an inſtant ſtruck the blackened ſoul of Madame Debonville; but it ſoon yielded to the belief, that it was, moſt likely, the futile boaſt of a poor needy orphan, who depended on her employment for ſupport. No ſooner had that idea taken poſſeſſion of her, than ſhe loaded the trembling girl with the moſt virulent abuſe.

"Feeble wretch!" ſhe cried; "beggarly reptile! that exiſts but by my charity!—you, a worm! preſume to threaten; henceforth, want ſhall teach you manners, and make you loſe the 'ſemblance of virtue, which you only aſſume to deceive. Be gone, Cockatrice! and periſh."——She ceaſed, for fury choaked her.

Madeline

Madeline felt her ſpirits receding faſt; her limbs tottered;—ſhe raiſed a mental prayer for ſtrength, to leave the hated dwelling, and had reached the door, when it flew open, and the voice of Hervey (who had been ſent for on her arrival) repeated the laſt word of Madame—"periſh!"—cried he, holding her, and falling on his knees,——"periſh ſooner heaven—earth—and every created being;—my life—my ſoul—ſhall periſh to preſerve her." Making a ſignal for Madame to retire, he turned to Madeline, whom he ſtill forcibly detained, and in the moſt humble and impaſſioned voice poured out his guilty love; conjured her to liſten—to pity a man—who had adored her from the firſt moment ſhe met his enraptured glance——offered to ſettle on her one thouſand a year—be dependent on her bounty—fly his country—paſs her for his wife—and when an old avaricious uncle died, give her a legal claim to the title, and command of ten thouſand a year.

Every indignant ſenſation had been exhauſted—and ſhe liſtened with perfect calmneſs;——but when he had enumerated all his ſplendid offers, with a reſolute, yet mild accent, ſhe deſired he would reſume his feet, and honor her with a few moments attention.

There was a commanding ſuperiority in the manner of Madeline, which impreſſed him with ſuch an awe, that, without intending compliance, he diſengaged her from his rude hold, and aroſe from his knees.

She retreated a few paces, and, reſting her arm upon a marble ſlab, felt inſpired with more than human ſpirits. Her face was pale, and her voice feeble; yet her eyes were animated, and her ſweet form appeared lovely as virtue itſelf. Had the ſacred goddeſs deſcended and ſtood unveiled before him, ſhe could not more have charmed his ſenſes than did the intereſting Madeline.

Bowing

Bowing with reverence, and the bluſh of inferiority riſing in his cheek, he ſaid, he waited to know her pleaſure.

"To upbraid you, Sir, with the baſe attempts you have made to deſtroy the honor of a ſuffering young woman, would only be reproaching the principles of a modern education, and maxims learned in the ſchool of faſhion. Theſe therefore I remit—but when I tell you, that were you maſter of worlds, and I no better than the wretched thing I ſeem, they would be contemned. You will ceaſe to perſevere in a paſſion, which, while it degrades me in my own idea, ſinks you to contempt and abhorrence. I, Sir, am not an object for illicit love, nor am I the mean being you ſuppoſe——deſiſt then from a perſecution, which can only terminate in your own confuſion."

Speechleſs for a moment he remained—but ſeeing her make for the door, impeded her paſſage, claſped her round the waiſt, and rudely

rudely thruſt his hand into her modeſt ſnowy boſom.

Tranſported beyond her reaſon, ſhe raiſed her arm, and ſtriking him on the noſe, in a minute he was covered with blood.

Feeling herſelf diſengaged, and being perfectly unmoved at the effects of her reſentment, ſhe deſcended to the parlour, leaving him torn by every tormenting paſſion.

"You may carry your ſervices elſewhere," ſaid Madame, on her entrance—"I have no farther uſe for you."

"I came, Madam," replied Madeline, "to decline the honor of your future favors."

"You did!——then be pleaſed, before you go, to pay for this veſt which you have ſpoiled."

"If

"If I miſtake not, you approved it this morning; but it little matters—my ſecurity ſhall indemnify you to-morrow."

"You ſhall pay me my demand of four guineas this hour, before you are permitted to quit the houſe," returned the monſter, fire flaſhing from her eyes, "for I would not truſt you, nor your ſecurity, a ſingle ſous; ſo unburden your purſe, pretty Miſs, or a conſtable ſhall oblige you, and conduct that hypocritical face to a proper abode for ſuch trumpery."

Terror now ſeized the agonized Madeline. Her purſe contained not one ſhilling; and, ſinking before the wretch upon her knees, ſhe exclaimed, "Oh! ſpare me, and I will pay you any thing!"

"Riſe! ſweet perſecuted girl," interrupted an agreeable looking woman, entering from the ſhop,——"I have beheld all, and will ſhield you from this fury. Unfeeling woman,"

woman," ſhe continued, turning to Madame Debonville, " to oppreſs ſuch helpleſs innocence. Take your four guineas—the laſt you ever receive from me."

" Be not deceived by her looks, as I have been, Madam," replied ſhe;—" ſhe is a vile creature, unworthy your notice."

" Her preſent ſituation," ſaid the ſtranger, " however, demands pity, and ſhe ſhall have it. Let me aſſiſt you to riſe, raiſing Madeline from the ground, and leave this houſe immediately. Accept, my poor thing, this guinea for a coach, and as ſoon as poſſible let me ſee you at Kenſington; any one will inform you where Mrs. Marley reſides."

Overpowered with gratitude and agitation, ſhe dropped a ſilent courtſey, ſhook her head in refuſal of the guinea, and leaning againſt the walls for ſupport, gained the ſtreet, and ſtepping into an empty coach which fortunately was paſſing by, directed the man

where

where to drive. In ſeating herſelf, her ſtrength failed, and falling to the bottom of the coach, a few incoherent ſentences burſt from her lips.

"Wretched Madeline!" exclaimed ſhe, in all the bitterneſs of accumulated anguiſh,—"how many more gradations of ſorrow art thou doomed to ſuffer! Oh! Joſiah,—dear, virtuous Joſiah! within thy peaceful arms I had been ſecure from inſult and oppreſſion;—there no grief had reached me——but thou art far from my complaint—and I may yield me to deſpair! Death is ſomething yet:—Oh! pardon, pardon, gracious God! theſe ſhrinkings in thy feeble creature!"——She ſhuddered from ſome thought that had croſſed her mind—and in this ſtate the coach ſtopped at Mrs. Cook's, who happening to open the door herſelf, and ſeeing her poor favorite, with an air of wildneſs in her face, laying with her head on the ſeat, exclaimed, "Lord of heaven! what has happened."—She aſſiſted her out, and, paying the coach, led her into

the parlour. A ſhower of tears ſoon relieved the agonized breaſt of Madeline, interrupted with many riſing ſobs, when ſhe related the infamous offers ſhe had received.

"I am every way your bane, my dear Miſs Montgomery," replied her landlady,—when ſhe ceaſed ſpeaking —— —— "I recommend a ſervant,—ſhe robs you:——and I introduce you,—where you might have been deſtroyed. Henceforth, permit me to protect you until better days. No more ſhall you be expoſed,—nor no longer inſulted,—while I have a roof."

Soothing indeed was this kindneſs to our heroine, who was ſufficiently recovered next day to viſit her new friend at Kenſington.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

ON her arrival at a very genteel houſe in Kenſington, Mrs. Marley received her with much kindneſs, and an air of politeneſs, bordering on familiarity. She interrupted Madeline's effuſions of gratitude, ſaying, there was little merit in doing our duty, and that ſhe ſhould conſider her's but half accompliſhed, if not permitted to benefit her farther, adding, "I am much intereſted in your welfare, Miſs Watſon; ſuffer me then to preſerve you from thoſe inſults, to which your

unprotected condition expose you—my house shall be your home, and I shall be amply rewarded in your sweet society."

Madeline thanked her in the most grateful and respectful manner, but excused herself accepting her protection, as a beloved relation had large claims upon her attention.

"Then you shall be my embroidress," returned the lady, smiling; "I have a crape dress, which I leave to your taste to work by the king's birth-day; and in the mean time my purse shall supply your little wants."—She spoke with much detestation of Madame Debonville, and informed Madeline, that she said her anger was excited by being threatened with the power of some friend, merely because she had pointed out a little fault in the embroidery.

In the fulness of Madeline's heart, her secret had nearly escaped her, and she was on the point of saying,—"Alas! I am the destitute

titute daughter of a poor priſoner, without one natural friend to aid or protect me," when pride came to her aſſiſtance, and unwilling to confeſs herſelf ſo helpleſs, ſhe ſimply replied, that her heart diſdained a falſehood, and that Madame Debonville might yet feel it was no boaſted threat. She imagined Mrs. Marley coloured at her reply—but the ſubject changed, when ſhe conſented to ſtay dinner.

They were ſitting at the deſert, when a young divine made his appearance, who, to the tortured ſight of Madeline, was followed by the hated Harvey. Starting from her chair, ſhe flew to the door, when Mrs. Marley, ſtepping between her and it, exclaimed, "Miſs Watſon, what alarms you? does my nephew, Hervey Marley, or my friend, Mr. Bentley, occaſion theſe emotions?"

"Queſtion me not," replied Madeline, gaſping for breath; "but ſuffer me to de-

part from the baneful view of that dark betrayer—that vile Hervey."

"You rave, Miſs Watſon; here is no Hervey—this is my darling nephew."

"Cheriſh him then," returned Madeline; "but let me avoid him, for death is preferable to the ſight of him." She was prevented proceeding, by Hervey throwing himſelf at the feet of Mrs. Marley, confeſſing, in the moſt penitent ſtrain, his various attempts on Madeline; owning he had aſſumed the borrowed name to ſhield him from diſcovery, and that ſhe was ſo dear to his ſoul, that if ſhe would vouchſafe to receive his vows, he would eſpouſe her inſtantly.

Mrs. Marley ſtarted, exclaiming, with blended tenderneſs and diſdain, "is this the nephew whom I loved! whoſe virtues I held in veneration!—degenerate youth! avoid my ſight——but no——though you have nearly broke

broke my heart, yet in regard to the memory of a regretted ſiſter, I will lead you, if not entirely loſt, to honor and happineſs.—Take—inſtantly, take the hand of this lovely girl. Oh! my charming Miſs Watſon, I little dreamt that my nephew was your perſecutor;—but this moment gives you reparation."

The brain of Madeline was burning; ſhe trembled violently—and reſting on the back of her chair, replied, " all the reparation I require is, to be ſet inſtantly without theſe gates."

" It cannot be—ſhall not be,"—reſumed Mrs. Marley, " until you are my niece.—John," to her footman, " ſtand here a witneſs. Now, Mr. Bentley, do your office."

He took a book from his pocket:——" I charge you all in the ſight of ——"

" Betrayed wretch that I am," ſhrieked Madeline, interrupting him in perfect frenzy,—" I am no Miſs Watſon—I am——I am——" her voice failed, and ſhe fell lifeleſs into the arms of Bentley.

That young man, from his firſt entrance, had beheld her with an earneſt and pitying attention: his complexion varied, and when ordered to do his office, the ſacred volume ſhook in his hand, while the words faltered on his lips.

For long every reſtorative was applied in vain. At length ſhe opened her eyes, ſaid feebly, " Oh! my father!" and relapſed into inſenſibility.

A ſurgeon was called in, who bled her, and ordering her to be kept quiet, they conducted her to a bed-room. They would have undreſſed her, but ſhe uttered ſuch piercing ſhrieks, that they were obliged to deſiſt from their intention.

Her

Her wild manner and diſordered looks alarmed them for her reaſon, and as ſhe refuſed every thing but a glaſs of water, they left her to repoſe. The night was now far advanced, when becoming a little more calm, ſhe ſeated herſelf at the window, and raiſed her pure ſoul in prayer to heaven. "This day," cried ſhe, "hath cloſed in ſorrow—what will approaching morning bring to me? I aſk not life—not even peace—but, mighty Being, ſave me from pollution!"

She was proceeding, when a man in the garden, with a glimmering light, attracted her notice. He approached the houſe.

"Alas!" thought ſhe, "perhaps he walks to watch a feeble wretch like me, whoſe trembling feet can ſcarcely croſs the room!"—She had reſumed her meditations, when the man aſcended the window by a ladder.

Her breaſt was fearleſs—"ghaſtly muſt be the form—black indeed the deſign—which

could alarm me now." The words were barely uttered, when a voice, not unfamiliar to her ear, pronounced *Montgomery!*

The name darted like lightning to her heart. She raiſed the ſaſh, when the voice continued—" be ſilent and deſcend." She ſtretched out her arms for help, and in a moment was in the garden. The hand that led her ſhook—and ſhe heard, in agitated accents, the following words pronounced:—— " Though I have left the path of rectitude, gratitude ſtill warms a heart, which would be baſe indeed, could it ſuffer the preſerver of Mary Summers and her family, to be deſtroyed. I am her brother—conducted here by the God you worſhip, to ſave your innocence. Fly then, Miſs Montgomery—never more approach theſe walls—deſtruction hovers round them——one moment yet—where can I ſee you?"

She gave him her addreſs, when, opening the garden gate, ſwift as thought ſhe gained

the road. She had proceeded but a little way, when a confuſed murmur of voices aſſailed her ear—ſhe looked back, and beholding ſeveral people with lights, iſſuing from the houſe ſhe had juſt left, became immoveable, and muſt have been retaken, had not two gentlemen on horſeback, riding down a ſide lane, reſcued her. She had fallen at their feet, and faintly uttered,—purſued!—loſt!—ſave!—One of the gentlemen raiſed her in his arms, and, aſſiſted by the other, bore his lifeleſs charge to his father's houſe in Piccadilly. The houſekeeper was ſummoned, when returning life began to reviſit the lovely form of our perſecuted heroine.

On her recovery, ſhe fixed her eyes earneſtly on her preſerver, and preſſing his hands, remained ſilent—when his father appeared. He was amazed to ſee his ſon with a female ſtranger in ſuch a condition—her figure was indeed ſtriking; her beautiful hair hung in diſordered ringlets about her face and ſhoulders; ſhe was without cap, hat, cloak, or

even handkerchief, and her lovely boſom expoſed. A faint bluſh tinged her cheek—and ſtill gazing on the youth, exclaimed, as his father entered, " dear viſion! of all moſt precious to my heart—alas! viſionary indeed hath proved my all of bliſs!"

The father appeared entranced—" Image of the bleſſed!" he cried,——" what angel wears her form! and deludes my ſenſes with a ſainted wife!"——he pauſed, and reſumed on a ſecond glance——" She ſurely is a Madeline!"

The ſufferer turned her head——" Who ſpeaks of Madeline?" ſaid ſhe, plaintively. Her weakneſs becoming exceſſive, and her mild eyes expreſſing a languid wildneſs, indicating intellectual derangement, ſhe was attended with unremitting care to bed, and every medical aid called in.

Her preſerver related to his father the ſituation in which he found her. " She is the image

image of thy ſainted mother," ſaid he, to his ſon; "and alſo brings a long-loſt ſiſter to my mind;——would ſhe were ſenſible, and able to reply!"

In a few hours Madeline's indiſpoſition became truly dangerous. The father and ſon paid her frequent viſits, and watched her with looks of tender anxiety. On the fourth day ſome ſigns of amendment appeared, and after a refreſhing ſleep, ſhe awoke in her perfect ſenſes.

Her memory inſtantly reverted to the ſcenes when reaſon left her—but the recollection was imperfect. Her beloved father next occurred, when every thing elſe was forgotten. She attempted to riſe—but feeling herſelf feeble, undrew the curtain, and enquired where ſhe was, and when ſhe came?

Mrs. Johnſon, the houſe-keeper, who had never quitted her, replied ſhe was with thoſe that

that would protect her, but she must think of nothing but getting well.

"Not think!" answered she—"heavens! I have a father, who may run distracted."

Mrs. Johnson told her to be calm, and she would wait upon him, and relieve his anxiety.

Madeline looked meekly at her, as she replied, "you wear the form of goodness, and your eyes beam sincerity—but I have trusted and been deceived. May I depend on you? Am I indeed safe?"

"Be composed, sweet young lady, and your father's presence shall convince you how secure you are."

Madeline sighed, and asking for pen and ink, Mrs. Johnson hasted to inform the gentlemen of the happy change in the fair patient. They accompanied her to the sick chamber,

chamber, and ſeating themſelves by the bed, ſhe extended a hand to each, while gratitude beaming in her ſweet eyes, ſaid, "I owe you more than life—I owe to you my honor.—My father will bleſs and thank you——I am yet incapable."——

They replied in the kindeſt accents, that her returning health was ample reward for what humanity owed to the unhappy.

"Such," returned Madeline, "were the leſſons once taught my heart——but I have found the world cruel and betraying." She then gave the following billet for her father:

"Diſpel every fear, my beloved father,
"on my account. My honor is preſerved,
"and health reſtored by the humane gene-
"roſity of unknown friends. Send Mrs.
"Cook, and every particular ſhall be con-
"veyed to the beſt of parents.

"Your own dutiful

"M. MONTGOMERY."

"I will

"I will attend your father, and conduct him to you," ſaid the old gentleman.

A faint red ſuffuſed her cheek, as ſhe replied, preſenting the note,—"this addreſs, Sir, will tell you he cannot come to me."

"Major Montgomery, King's-Bench Priſon!" exclaimed he. "Righteous heaven! how long my ſenſes have been darkened with deluſion! but heaven leads me now aright. Yes, Madeline, I fly to bring thee comfort. Frederick, attend me—and, Johnſon, watch the very wiſhes of this lovely girl."

The weak ſpirits of Madeline were alarmed by her friend's emotion. A thouſand ſweet ideas courted indulgence, and again were baniſhed—'till wearied with the variety of conjecture, ſhe loſt remembrance in a quiet ſleep, in which we ſhall leave her, and viſit her father.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

MY readers will not poſſeſs the penetration I ſuppoſe, if they have not already diſcovered, that the pretended friendſhip of Mrs. Marley for our heroine, was only a concerted plan to enſnare her beyond the poſſibility of eſcape. A public ſhop, in the middle of a populous ſtreet, was certainly an improper place to execute ſuch dark deſigns as their baſe hearts had formed. Mrs. Marley was therefore placed ſo as ſhe might opportunely

opportunely reſcue the diſtreſſed Madeline, and by that means lure her to a diſtance from her friends, where her complaints would be unheeded, and her reſiſtance unavailing.

Though Mrs. Cook did not wiſh to depreſs the hopes of her beloved lodger, reſpecting the friendſhip of Mrs. Marley, her own were far from ſanguine. Such ſudden attachments, without knowing the merit of the perſon, ſhe conſidered incompatible with the prudence of the preſent age; and the ſequel proved her not wrong in her conjecture. When evening arrived, and Madeline not returned, ſhe became ſeriouſly uneaſy, and nothing but knowing the direction to Mrs. Marley could in the leaſt have quieted her apprehenſions.

The Major had ſent to enquire for his daughter, and as ſhe learned from her, that to diſſemble the truth never came to good, ſhe waited on him herſelf, and endeavoured to impreſs him with the idea of Madeline's ſafety.

ſafety. Had he been acquainted with the inſults offered her, and the dangers to which ſhe was expoſed, inſtant madneſs muſt have ſeized him; but the delicate tenderneſs of our heroine kept him a ſtranger to her ſufferings, notwithſtanding which tears guſhed from his eyes, and a thouſand inexplicable fears alarmed his anxious boſom.

Next morning Mrs. Cook could no longer confine her impatience, but haſtened to Taviſtock-ſtreet. The ſhop was very full, and ſhe was requeſted to ſtep into the parlour—but reſentment for the baſeneſs of Madame Debonville, and anguiſh for the uncertainty of her favourite's fate, predominating over every other ſentiment, ſhe publicly upbraided her conduct, and inſtantly deſired ſhe would diſcover Miſs Watſon, or expect to be puniſhed by her powerful relations with the utmoſt rigor.

Madame replied, with perfect compoſure, that ſhe was ſorry to ſee her intereſted for ſuch

an

an inſignificant flirt, whoſe lightneſs had encouraged a gentleman to make her an improper offer, adding, as the creature has eloped, it is moſt likely ſhe is with Mr. Hervey. I have not ſeen him for ſome time.

Agitated with various paſſions, Mrs. Cook left her, and proceeded to Kenſington; her anxiety and impatience were on the rack as ſhe rang the bell—repeated it—and ſtill no one appeared. Thinking ſhe had been directed to a wrong houſe, ſhe applied to a man who lived a few doors diſtant for information, who told her, Mrs. Marley had lived there, but that they ſaid in the town murder had been committed laſt night, and they were all off, bag and baggage, before day-light in the morning.

That the ruin and murder of Madeline were now compleated, admitted not a doubt in the agonized mind of Mrs. Cook, and that through her recommendation it had happened, added a ſting to her deep regret.

When

When ſhe returned to the unhappy Major, and could no longer deceive him with hope of his child's ſafety, a fixed melancholy overwhelmed his ſenſes: he would approach no bed, refuſed every nouriſhment, and only at intervals would ſpeak, when he would exclaim "Madeline! poor loſt Madeline!"

"I will watch him," ſaid Mrs. Cook to herſelf, "until my own heart burſts with its fatal ſecret—yet ſurely heaven forſook not ſuch wondrous goodneſs in the hour of trial!"

Such was the condition of Major Montgomery, when his daughter's new friends reached his apartment. On their entrance he raiſed his head, but again concealed his face on the pillow. They approached, when the eldeſt gentleman ſaid,—"Something tells my heart, that in this ſufferer I am to raiſe Major Montgomery——the worth of a Madeline allows ſuch deſpair for her ſuppoſed loſs."

At

At hearing the dear name, the father gently preſſed the ſtranger's hand, but could only utter—" Madeline !"

" She is ſafe," added her friend—and preſented her letter.

The tide of pleaſure was too ſtrong for the weak ſpirits of her parent—but Mrs. Cook ſnatching it, exclaimed, " this is no hour for ceremony ;"—and having peruſed it, abſolutely ſcreamed, " ſhe is ſafe !—ſhe is ſafe !—Miſs Montgomery is ſafe !"

The Major, a little revived, liſtened with joy to all the ſtrangers could relate concerning his beloved Madeline. " Oh ! that I had power," rejoined he, " to demonſtrate my gratitude !"

" As the firſt proof of it," replied the benevolent ſtranger, " prepare to gladden her by your preſence. I retire to releaſe you." The Major would have ſpake to detain

tain him—but he reſumed—" if your child's happineſs be dear—or if her preſervers have any claim on your gratitude—yield them this ſatisfaction, and accompany us to her. Tho' out of danger, her languid ſtate requires that cordial."

He then retired, followed by his ſon—but returning in half an hour, with a look of benignity, preſented the Major his diſcharge, ſaying,—" I am ready, my dear Sir, to attend you—and your preſence, Madam," addreſſing Mrs. Cook, " is earneſtly requeſted by my ——" —— he ſtopped —— but inſtantly adding, " by Miſs Montgomery,"—led the Major, while his ſon eſcorted Mrs. Cook into a ſuperb coach, which waited at the priſon door."

Madeline's father was ſo entranced in pleaſing, admiring aſtoniſhment, that he could uſe neither argument or utterance, but in perfect ſilence arrived in Piccadilly, when Mrs. Johnſon

ſon informed them her fair patient had continued extremely well, and rather cheerful, until evening, when anxiety returned on not hearing from her father, and that ſhe had quitted her bed with an intention to go to him, and was then actually debating the matter with Doctor F——.

"Return, Johnſon," replied her maſter, "and inform her that her father is well, and will give her a pleaſing ſurpriſe in a few days; ſay alſo Mrs. Cook will wait on her preſently. Retiring then with the Major, he left the houſe-keeper to manage matters with Madeline, who was perfectly pacified, and pleaſed with the intelligence."

She was engaged with a train of happy ideas, when the entrance of her two friends, followed by Mrs. Cook, made her forget her weakneſs, for ſhe was ſpringing to her, when the delighted woman folded her in a kind embrace, ſhedding tears at the pale and altered appearance

appearance of her lovely favorite; but when ſhe informed her that her father was well, and had found a friend to liberate him, a ſuffuſion of pleaſure animated her whole countenance, and looking with enchanting expreſſion on the elder gentleman, ſaid, "Methinks I view the friend—for that venerated form is the reſidence of every virtue. But, oh! ſay to whom do I owe ſuch bliſs—ſuch benefits—— that a life of gratitude cannot half expreſs?"

Her young preſerver withdrew, but inſtantly returning, led the Major to his tranſported daughter. When releaſed from his affectionate arms, ſhe cried, "to what gracious being do I owe ſuch wondrous, unexpected bleſſings?"

"Behold him, my Madeline, in the noble Clifford—thy Uncle—the dear loved brother of thine angel mother!"

"Clifford!" repeated ſhe, raiſing her ſweet eyes,—"and will Lord Clifford che-

riſh me, when known—will he not ſpurn the poor dejected Madeline!"

"Spurn thee! my virtuous child!" replied his Lordſhip, folding her to his boſom; "hard indeed would be the heart that would not cheriſh thee, and ſhield ſuch meekneſs with the gentleſt care. Henceforth the daughter of Montgomery is my child——you and this precious youth, preſſing her hand and his ſon's together, ſhall unite the names. You will be his ſoft delight——he—your guardian—huſband—and defender."

The young couple knelt at the feet of the generous Clifford. Madeline's weakneſs was overpowered—ſhe fainted—but on recovering, ſaid, "Be not uneaſy—it was only my ſpirits—I have not learned as yet to bear joy. The influx of pleaſure was too much for a heart ſo long deſerted by it as mine——but, good night!—my Father,—Uncle,—Couſin,—good night, to all!——to-morrow I ſhall be compoſed."

After

After a tender ſalute, they left her enjoying the ſweeteſt reflections. No uneaſy dread diſturbed her—ſhe was again in the boſom of her father—protected by a powerful and affectionate Uncle—ſhe had been reſcued from deſtruction by a youth, deſtined to defend her through life—and the power of rewarding him and his virtues, depicted to her how ſweet the employment!—ſhe could now have her Ellen, and often her dear Miriam—ſhe conſidered herſelf, in ſhort, the happieſt of beings; and after offering a prayer to that God, her heart ever adored, ſunk into the ſereneſt repoſe. Every complaint being removed, but a remaining weakneſs, in a few days ſhe was able to ſit up in the dreſſing-room, when Lord Clifford requeſted to know the particulars of her viſit to Lady Delahay, which her father had ſlightly mentioned.

CHAP. XXVI.

MADELINE obeyed her Uncle with evident reluctance, and indeed ſo obſcured ſome parts, and embelliſhed others of her Aunt's conduct, that could ſhe have ſuppreſſed her ladyſhip's knowledge of the Major's impriſonment, and refuſal of telling Lord Clifford's abode, her treatment might have paſſed current, for the modern reception of a dependent Niece from a faſhionable Aunt. But ſoftening as was her deſcription,

tion, her Uncle diſcovered the moſt indignant reſentment.

"Unworthy woman," he exclaimed,—"to deſert the child of innocence and beauty—the daughter of a ſiſter—in the hour of danger and want."

Madeline did every juſtice to the amiable Clement Darville, and produced his letter.

"Worthy youth!" reſumed his Lordſhip;—"ſevere muſt have been the ſtruggle between the honeſt wiſh of rendering juſtice to a deſerving Uncle, and fear of expoſing the baſeneſs of his mother." Lord Clifford then informed them, that on Major Montgomery's marriage with his ſiſter, he was in Italy, and her letters not arriving until after his departure, they were ſent to Clifford Park, and there deſtroyed—that his father's rage, whenever the name of Madeline was

mentioned, had obliged him to obſerve a total ſilence; when having applied to Lady Delahay, ſhe informed him, that her ſiſter, after jilting a deſerving nobleman, had eloped with an officer the ſecond time ſhe had ſeen him, and had reſided a conſiderable time under his protection unmarried, and that ſhe had written and offered her every comfort and good office with her father, which was proudly rejected.

Shocked with ſuch an account of a darling ſiſter, continued his Lordſhip, "I diſdained future inquiry, but reſolved to reſent the inſult offered to our name at a convenient period. I was then waiting with fond impatience for my father's conſent, and other neceſſary buſineſs, to eſpouſe my departed angel, Viola, and on my return to introduce her as my wife to my family. Lady Delahay informed me, that Madeline was at laſt married, and gone to the Weſt-Indies with her huſband, The health of my wife not agreeing

ing with the bleak air of our northern climate, I returned with her to Italy, where we conſtantly reſided. During a ſeries of years, I heard but vague reports from the pen of Lady Delahay reſpecting you; and at my return to take poſſeſſion of my father's title and fortune, found my poor ſiſter inſulted in his will with the remembrance of one ſhilling.—I condemned ſuch obdurate reſentment, and informed her ladyſhip, I conſidered my honor engaged to reſtore Madeline her intended portion. She applauded what ſhe called my generoſity, and was glad to aſſure me ſhe wanted it not, as her huſband's father had bequeathed him ample wealth. That, I replied, exonerated not me, and on your return, Major, I intended making the reſtoration.—I again returned to Italy, and in a few months received letters (which I now diſcover were forged) from you and my ſiſter. *Her's* contained a diſdainful rejection of my offers;—*your's*, a proud defiance, which I committed to the flames. My Madeline's depravity I pitied——thought her changed indeed, and

wondered at the cauſe, which Lady Delahay aſſured me could only be the arrogance of unexpected wealth. Upon the death of my regretted wife, I determined to reſide in England,—and when arrived with this youth, my only child, again my heart longed to acknowledge my ſiſter. I remembered her ſweetneſs and gentle virtues, and again enquired where I could ſee her."

"She is dead," replied Lady Delahay, "and has left two daughters—the youngeſt a fine girl, who, wearied with a peeviſh father and tyrannic ſiſter, had taken refuge with an aunt, while the eldeſt, ſole directreſs of her father and his fortune, reſided with him. She once paid me a viſit, but treated my counſel and offered regard with haughty indifference, and indeed was ſo very inſolent, that but for reſpect to her mother's memory, I had ordered her from my preſence."

Such," continued Lord Clifford, "was the deſcription of a girl, in whom I find united

united every endearing virtue and diſtinguiſhed grace—but her ladyſhip's art is now unveiled, and I perceive her motives were to keep me eſtranged from my lamented ſiſter and family, and ſecure my ſon to her daughter Lady Anne. Alas! I am no more to view the goodneſs of a charming ſiſter, but I can ſtill cheriſh her offspring with my love, and will find a time to cover Lady Delahay with confuſion. The moment I beheld this ſweet ſufferer, her likeneſs to my wife and ſiſter Madeline intereſted my heart——but imagine my feelings, when, on receiving her letter to you, I diſcovered in her the child of Madeline Clifford."

His Lordſhip liſtened with delight to the Major deſcribing the filial duty, the uncomplaining meekneſs, and exemplary conduct of Madeline. "Yes, my Lord," cried her father, "her poor fingers ſupplied my wants, while her goodneſs ſoothed me, and her duty comforted me on the bed of care."

" The firſt of daughters," replied Lord Clifford, " muſt prove the firſt of wives;—and now, my Madeline, you muſt oblige me, and accept the ſole command of my family. Conſider yourſelf my daughter, and at home; and remember, whoever poſſeſſes my love, may diſpoſe of my fortune——he then preſented her with one thouſand pounds to mend her wardrobe, and her couſin a very ſuperb ſet of diamonds. In a ſhort time, the roſe of health re-bloomed on her cheek, innocent pleaſure ſparkled in her eyes, and her little elegant figure recovered its wonted grace, except that ſhe felt rather uneaſy at not hearing from Ellen, while in the tender care of her friends, ſhe almoſt forgot that ſhe had ever been unhappy.

Her returning ſpirits diſplayed all thoſe brilliant accompliſhments which adorned her, and many hours ſhe entirely devoted to her Uncle. When ſhe read or ſung, the ſweetneſs of her voice recalled ſounds to remembrance, he believed loſt for ever, and he would

would ſometimes fancy the grave had reſtored his ſainted Viola.

Her own ſituation was now ſo bliſsful and ſerene, that ſhe had no deſire to change it, and ſhe beheld the period approach, which was to make her Mrs. Clifford, with an indifference that aſtoniſhed herſelf, when ſhe conſidered the vaſt obligations which ſhe owed to her amiable lover. Indeed his conduct, though reſpectful and attentive, was not animated with that tenderneſs and pleaſure, ſhe had perceived in the looks of a Glanville, or even the volatile Herbert, when they approached the women they loved.

"But what then," ſaid ſhe—"if we feel not that romantic paſſion, which perhaps is only the offspring of a warm imagination, we ſhall enjoy a rational happineſs, and ſhall be exempt from thoſe refinements of ſentiment, which border often on torture,—nor can Frederick Clifford upbraid me with inſenſibility, ſince his own nature is equally ſerene. Yes,

—calming, as ſhe believed every doubt—— yes, I will contradict that erroneous aſſertion, " that gratitude produces not affection in the married ſtate; and that an equality of obligation is abſolutely neceſſary to conſtitute reſpectful love;"—for I ſhall owe to my Frederick every worldly good——my life—my honor—and my independence—and ſtill love him very, very dearly."

Madeline's conjectures reſpecting her intended huſband, were partly right, for tho' he admired her beauty and accompliſhments, —held her virtues in a degree of adoration, —and loved her with the calm affection of a brother,—he never had one wiſh to make her his wife. His paſſions were all quick and warm, and he was a perfect enthuſiaſt in his ideas of love. But as his heart was perfectly diſengaged, he would not ſuffer caprice to diſappoint the views and fond expectations of a father he venerated, but inſtantly conſented to eſpouſe his Couſin Madeline. He believed her cold and inſenſible, nor did he much

much regret it, as it might prevent her diſcerning the condition of his own mind; and he hoped, by an unremitting attention to her wiſhes, his own ſtrict ideas of honor, with her virtues and ſweetneſs of temper, to inſure a portion of felicity, which many who married with a larger ſhare of paſſion never enjoyed.

Matters were in this ſtate, when one morning Mr. Alworthy was introduced.

Madeline embraced him with affection, while he congratulated her with unaffected joy on her change of ſituation and opening proſpects. Gently reproaching her for concealing the extremity of her want, he ſaid,—"though my ſtore is confined, I could have ſpared a little for my darling." He informed them he was going abroad with a young gentleman, ſon to his firſt patron; and among other news ſaid, that Captain Glanville had arrived at Montgomery Caſtle a few nights before

before he left the Rectory, and that he had prevailed on him to accept his houſe while he remained in that neighbourhood. His ſorrow for his dear Major's misfortunes was ſincere, and as ſoon as ſome buſineſs of conſequence was ſettled, he intended haſtening to his relief. His buſineſs, added Alworthy, we are at no loſs to conceive; and when I related the happy change in your father's affairs, it gave him unfeigned pleaſure.

A letter from the beloved Miriam informed her, Mr. Primroſe had purchaſed the lands and caſtle of Montgomery, and that ſhe ſtill patroniſed the ſchool; but, alas! continued ſhe, "the children are neglected, and the old decaying. The benevolence that cheered them, lieth cold in the grave—the hand that raiſed them, hath loſt its power—and the influence that cheriſhed them, is no more!"

With the moſt delighted attention Lord Clifford liſtened to the praiſes of his amiable ſiſter,

ſiſter, from the benign lips of Mr. Alworthy; and if any doubt of her purity and conduct remained in the boſom of her noble brother, it was perfectly removed.

Mr. Clifford had one morning attended his fair Couſin in a ride—the Major was writing letters—and his Lordſhip ſeated alone in Madeline's drawing-room, when Lady Delahay was announced.

With an air of kind familiarity ſhe reproached him for his long deſertion, ſaying, "I proteſt I thought you would have let ſome of us take our flight to Elyſium without a farewell. My Darville has been almoſt dead. What has been the matter, my dear brother?"

"Alterations of conſequence in my family have very pleaſingly intereſted and engaged my every hour."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed!" rejoined her ladyſhip; "pray has the miſtreſs of this——toſſing Madeline's work-baſket——ſo very pleaſingly engaged your attention?"

"You have wonderful penetration," replied his lordſhip; "but what will more ſurpriſe you, the miſtreſs of that will engage my higheſt admiration and regard to the lateſt period of my exiſtence."

Lady Delahay turning pale, aſked, if ſhe might expect a wedding—a Lady Clifford.

"You may depend upon both," returned his lordſhip, arranging the work-baſket;—"and even this I hold ſacred, becauſe belonging to the woman who will dignify my name and title."

"It is ſudden," ſaid her ladyſhip;—"and ——"

She

She was interrupted——the door opened, when Madeline appeared laughing—but getting a glimpſe of Lady Delahay, ſtarting back, was received in the arms of young Clifford. She felt no fear, yet was retiring, when Lord Clifford advancing, with a tender air led her forward, ſaying, "my Madeline, we are intruders—if you pleaſe we will retire from your apartment—none ſhall moleſt you here."

Madeline, courteſying gracefully, replied, with a dignity inherent in her nature, not attached to rank or ſituation, "the conſequence which your lordſhip has given me, I will learn to ſupport; nor ſhall an improper condeſcenſion ever humble the diſtinction with which you honor me. But here," her voice reſuming its native ſweetneſs, and mildly taking her Aunt's hand, "I hope thoſe forms you will allow me to wave. This lady is the ſiſter of my worſhipped mother,—my guardian uncle——ſuffer, then, paſt miſapprehenſions, reſentments, and unkindneſs, to be forgotten.

forgotten. They would obſcure our peaceful proſpect, and interrupt our future pleaſures."

"Exalted Madeline!" replied her Uncle, gazing on her with delight,—"Then, if my friendſhip or ſociety are regarded by this lady, ſhe muſt accept them from your interpoſition; and may the future prove her not unworthy of your goodneſs."

The heart of Lady Delahay was burſting with indignation and diſappointed paſſions.—She beheld, in one moment, the ſubtle plan of years reduced to worſe than ruined hopes, for to her blighted expectations were added diſgraceful expoſure. The favorite wiſh of uniting young Clifford with her daughter, ſhe ſaw loſt for ever, and beheld herſelf humbled to the mortifying alternative of being obliged to Madeline, whom ſhe had diſdained, and treated with cruelty and inſult, for her brother's favor; or ſubmit with undaunted front to the cenſure of the world, which the diſcountenance of Lord Clifford was certain

tain to inſure—her blackneſs would be revealed—her baſe deeds expoſed—and ſhe would not only be deſpiſed by her own family, for whom ſhe had involved herſelf, but the finger of public ſcorn would be pointed at her, as the unfeeling wretch whoſe contrivance gave a bitter pang to the innocent heart of a ſiſter, and extended to ruin her amiable ſuffering family. Of two evils, ſhe therefore choſe the leaſt—and declared, with aſſumed tenderneſs, that however unkind ſhe had been, which aroſe from her little knowledge of Madeline's real merits, the future ſhould convince them, that ſhe deſired nothing more earneſtly than to be on friendly terms with the whole family.

Then, ſaid Lord Clifford, willing to give her aſſurance credit, and gratify his niece, who was anxious for a reconciliation,—"then let the curtain of oblivion be dropped on the paſt—and now Lady Delahay is again my ſiſter."

After

After giving her ladyſhip and family an invitation to dinner next day, they parted in a friendly manner,——Madeline indulging the pleaſing idea of thanking the amiable Clement, for his kindneſs in the day of her humiliation.

CHAP. XXVII.

PERHAPS a ſweeter figure than our heroine never graced St. James's, when ſhe deſcended to her Uncle's drawing-room to await the expected company. She was dreſſed with elegance and exquiſite taſte; every

every attitude was grace—while the ſweeteſt tranquillity beamed in her ſoft eyes, and a glow of pleaſure animated her delicate complexion. Yet Madeline's beauty was not ſtriking—it was mild, and glided imperceptibly on the ſenſes.

She was attending to the ſoft trifling of her admiring Couſin, when the viſitors were announced.

Lord and Lady Delahay ſaluted her in the kindeſt manner—one female Couſin gave her a paſſing courtſey—while another embraced her with real pleaſure. Her eyes were wandering for Clement, when a graceful figure was introduced by the name of Glendillon; ſhe had returned his compliments with a ſmile, and again was looking for Mr. Darville, when a gentleman entered, who almoſt deprived her of her ſenſes—ſhe turned pale, and ſtaggering to the neareſt chair, engaged the attention of all—until a more pitiable object claimed

claimed their united care. Lord Darville, trembling and gaſping for breath, had caſt himſelf at her feet, and in broken accents was imploring pardon and pity.

His mother appeared in agony—his father loſt in wonder—one ſiſter tittering—while the other aſſiſted Mr. Clifford and Glendillon in recovering the agitated Madeline, who, on caſting her eyes on the kneeling object before her, exclaimed,—"preſerve me from that man—the deteſted Hervey!"

"Hervey!" repeated Lady Delahay,—breathing a little freer,—"Hervey! my dear Niece——that is my eldeſt ſon, Lord Darville."

"Your ſon, Madam, ſaid ſhe;—was I then——but no more——permit me to retire a few minutes, when I may return with ſenſations which will better become me, than thoſe I now feel."

Attended

Attended by her Couſin, Lady Bab, ſhe then left the company—when Lord Darville, who had only aſſumed the names of Hervey and Manley, to proſecute his deſigns againſt Madeline with more ſecreſy and ſafety, aroſe from his knees, and confeſſing all his various machinations to enſnare her virtue, and tempt her to deſtruction, added, that though he believed her but a poor needy girl, his love had gained ſuch an aſcendency over his reaſon, that he had determined, could he again have diſcovered her, to offer his hand; and that now, if he could not excite her pity, and by a hearty repentance of his baſeneſs, and by unwearied aſſiduity, ſoften her reſentment, he would forſake family—friends—and fortune, and wander an exile for ever.

What were the feelings of Lady Delahay, at that embittered moment! Her ſon,—the pride, the hope of her life, confeſſed himſelf a wretch, and declared a deſpairing paſſion for a woman who hated and ſcorned him—and that

that woman the laſt in the creation ſhe would have wiſhed exalted.

Such a variety of agony ſtruggled within her, that, but for tears, ſhe had fallen into convulſions.

Mr. Clifford approaching Lord Darville, told him, with blended pity and reſentment, that he would inſure his contrition every ſentiment of forgiveneſs from Miſs Montgomery—more ſhe had not the power to offer, as he had the happineſs to claim her as his deſtined bride.

Lord and Lady Delahay apologized for having diſturbed the harmony of ſo happy a party, while anguiſh forcing truth from the lips of her ladyſhip, ſhe added,——"deſervedly happy, becauſe the conſequence of rectitude."

Madeline

Madeline ſoon returned with her uſual ſerenity, and conducted herſelf through the day with an eaſe and elegance which aſtoniſhed her Aunt, when ſhe could ſpare a moment's attention from her ſon, who ſat the picture of deſpair, attired in the robe of mortified vanity.

Our heroine, from the firſt *coup d'œil*, thought favorably of Lady Bab Darville, and now felt a ſentiment of increaſing regard.—She was a pleaſing, genteel figure—artleſs in her manner—gay, unaffected, and humane, and with the advantages of a Montgomery education, had been an admirable character: as it was, her good qualities were tinctured with the follies of faſhion. Laughing,—ſhe would tell her Couſin to throw aſide the angelic, and ſoar no higher than mortality, 'till paſt forty, when ſhe would ſaint it with her. She informed Madeline, that poor Clement had ſuffered ſeverely for his attention to her, for that the day ſhe was ſpurned from the pre-

ſence of her Aunt, he was ſo diſguſted with his mother's inhumanity, that he inſtantly retired;—when the honeſt porter, pitying her delicate frame, pelted by the ſterm, mentioned it, and pointed to the corner where ſhe had taken ſhelter, when, unmindful of his mother or conſequences, and liſtening only to the dictates of his own heart, he flew to her relief. On his return home, he was interrogated by his ſuſpecting mother, where he had ſpent the day, when, diſdaining a falſehood, and glorying in the part he had acted, he confeſſed having attended his ſuffering Couſin to the priſon of her father.

When indignation allowed her ladyſhip utterance, ſhe extorted a ſolemn promiſe from him, that he would never again viſit them, or give any information reſpecting Lord Clifford; and as he valued the peace and honor of his own family, never to mention them to him. Fearing his innate goodneſs would triumph over an extorted promiſe, ſhe obliged his

his father to procure him an employment in America.

How fatal I am to thoſe who regard me," ſaid Madeline.

" Do not pity Clement," replied Lady Bab; " he is far happier, than if at home with an unkind mother."

" Mr. Glendillon is very amiable," ſaid Madeline to Lady Bab, while enjoying a *tête à-tête*, " and an agreeable acquiſition to your family. Is he a relation?"

" No, Madeline," replied her ladyſhip; " though he would wiſh to be one in his own way, . Do you know he ſaid ——"

" Said! what?" aſked Madeline, a bluſh riſing in her cheek,——

" Said!" reiterated Lady Bab, " that young Clifford might excite envy in the

breaſts of monarchs, for that Miſs Montgomery was formed by heaven a pattern for the female race."

Madeline had never been ſuſceptible to flattery, and ſhe wondered why ſhe delighted in the praiſes of Arthur Glendillon. The approbation of the good is certainly deſireable—but is this youth ſuperior to every other perſon, that his commendations have my preference? It was inexplicable. She would ſigh—fly to muſic—and ſtill Glendillon obtruded on her thoughts.

One morning, within a month of her intended marriage, Lady Bab requeſted her company a ſhopping, as every thing was arranged, and her ſiſter Lady Anne had conſented to figure *en bride* the ſame day with herſelf.

"Indeed!" ſaid Madeline; "who is the favored mortal?"

"Glendillon."

" Glendillon." " Glendillon wed Lady Anne!" replied ſhe, in a faint accent; " I thought ——" when, inſtantly recovering her voice——" I thought you was his favorite."

" He had his choice," reſumed Lady Bab; " but ſince he has ſeen you, is become indifferent to either; as you are engaged, he takes the one his Uncle mentioned, as being the eldeſt. Poor Arthur! he looks more like a mute at a funeral, than a bridegroom."

" May he be ever happy!" exclaimed Madeline, a ſigh burſting from her heart.

" He never will with my ſiſter," replied her Couſin; " who only marries to obtain unbounded freedom, and uncontrouled diſſipation. He had better forfeit his Uncle's favor, and forty thouſand pounds, than wed with ſuch an inſenſible ——"

"Is he totally dependent?" aſked Madeline, languidly.

"He is a younger brother, and perfectly ſo; and nothing could have prevailed on my father, who poſſeſſes a pride no rank can excuſe, far leſs juſtify, to grant his conſent; but the fortune being paid down, added to Lady Anne's perſuaſions. Judge then how happy a man can be with ſuch a partner, who poſſeſſes a mind of ſenſibility, and a heart replete with noble and refined ſentiments; and, above all, his whole ſoul devoted to you.—Perhaps I ought not to betray his ſecret—but he would diſcover his ſentiments himſelf, if honor ſealed not his lips, and it cannot affect you, who are in love with Clifford."

Poor Madeline was incapable of reply, and burſt into tears; when Lady Anne, leaning affectedly on the elegant yet pale Glendillon, entered the dreſſing-room. Her ladyſhip vowed the ſcene would give her the vapours, and

and desired her lover to quit it; but he, heedless of all, except the distress of Madeline, flying to support her, cried, "not 'till this angel recovers, did heaven itself invite me."

"As you please, Sir," returned her ladyship, and disappeared;—while our poor heroine, sensible of the ridiculous figure she made, and unable to offer the faintest reason for her tears, felt every moment increase her conscious confusion.

"Your spirits will not bear reading such pathetic tales," said the good-natured Bab, willing to relieve her.

"They cannot, indeed," replied the weeping girl, gently withdrawing herself from the trembling arms of Arthur, who was folding her in a parting embrace, when young Clifford approached her.

Tenfold perplexity now involved her; her cheeks glowed like crimſon, and ſhe ſtammered ſo intolerably in attempting ſomething like an apology, that he ſtopped her, ſaying, with a chilling air, "you may ſpare an explanation, which requires ſuch painful exertion," and bowing with the ſame cold compoſure, would have left the room, when Madeline, ſtarting from her ſeat, conjured him to ſtay. He appeared irreſolute—but at length ſaid, while the bluſh of anger roſe in his face,—"*I will not* be detained *here*, Miſs Montgomery, but will attend you where you pleaſe; and bowing diſtantly to Lady Bab and Glendillon, with a look which ſaid, "*here* I command," led her to the door of another apartment, where, without deigning one word, he left her to reflect at leiſure.

Had not the heart of Mr. Clifford been prepoſſeſſed, and his eyes prepared to view every circumſtance through the medium of prejudice, the ſituation of his fair betrothed had called forth every tender feeling; but meeting

meeting Lady Anne in the gallery, ſhe took his arm with one of her ſofteſt ſmiles, and ſaid, "the laws of retaliation, Clifford, oblige me to demand *your* protection, for I have juſt quitted your fair miſtreſs in the arms of my enamorata."

In conducting her to her carriage, he attempted to ſmile, but he felt his pride injured, his honor alarmed, and affection ſlighted; and with jealouſy, vexation, and reſentment, he entered the dreſſing-room, where ſtill beholding Madeline in the ſituation deſcribed by Lady Anne, and liſtening only to the dictates of offended dignity, he treated her with the cold hauteur related.

Madeline now experienced ſenſations, to which, among all her evils, ſhe had been a ſtranger. She felt the pang of hopeleſs regret—her vows were plighted to Clifford, yet her fondeſt wiſhes had wandered to the boſom of Glendillon. She had indeed accepted no confeſſion from the lover, but ſhe had liſten-

ed with delight to another deſcribing his ſentiments.

Clifford was amiable and good—but Glendillon "was all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in man." His virtues were exalted—his ſentiments refined—and Madeline had diſcovered, when too late, a congenial ſoul. The intimacy of the families had given them ample opportunities to admire the amiable qualities of each other, which conſtituting friendſhip, eſteem and confidence ſucceeded, and were ſoon ſoftened and refined into the moſt delicate and mutual paſſion; yet ſhe reſolved to act with the ſtricteſt rectitude, and triumph over a fatal terderneſs, which had ſtolen upon her. Firm and generous in her nature, with a heart grateful and attached to her Couſin, ſhe knew principle would lead her to duty, when eſteem would ſtrengthen it, and ſentiment at laſt render it pleaſing—but her reſolution could not ſtill bear to hear unmoved of his being wedded to miſery: and ſhe was paying his deſtiny a parting tribute,

when

when his very mal-a-pro-pos appearance occaſioned ſuch confuſion. When retired to a ſerious examination of herſelf, ſhe ſeverely cenſured her own imprudence.

" Is it," exclaimed ſhe, " the daughter of Mrs. Montgomery—taught by her counſel—formed by her example, who forgets her duty—yields to the firſt temptation—who forgets the ties of gratitude—the nice ideas of female honor—a father's happineſs—an Uncle's hopes—and a lover's peace—to gratify an improper attachment? No, my ſainted mother! Madeline will act as you would have directed—will reſign the every thought of Glendillon—and if good and generous, as I believe him, he will applaud my reſolution. Dear Frederick, how I have wronged thy kindneſs!—but I go to ſeek thee—humble me before thee—and ſooth thy juſt reſentment into love."

Thus meek and humble, ſhe deſcended to his library, where he was reading alone.

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Thus meek and humble, ſhe deſcended to his library, where he was reading alone.

"May I come in," ſaid ſhe, timidly.—"Certainly, MADAM."

"Are you very angry, my dear Frederick?" He threw on her a diſdainful glance, and reſumed his book.

"Will you not deign me one word?"—kiſſing his hand with ſweet humility.

He appeared moved, but replied, "Leave me, Miſs Montgomery, to attain that ſtate of indifference you muſt ſuppoſe neceſſary—and let my ſilence convince you of my reſpect, as I could only utter ſevere and merited reproach."

"I have offended," reſumed ſhe, "beyond intention; yet I truſt your forgiveneſs can reach me. Liſten but to my vindication *now*, and you ſhall direct my very thoughts in future—and accept my preſent candour as my pledge. I had attended to Lady Bab's recital of the fate which awaits your friend

Mr.

Mr. Glendillon, until it affected us both to tears. At that moment he and Lady Anne entered; believing me indiſpoſed, he offered his aſſiſtance, and indeed the confuſion of the moment was ſuch, that I could not refuſe, and your appearance and unkind looks compleated my embarraſſment——ever ſince I have been miſerable, and now entreat your pardon."

"The power of ſympathy is confeſſedly ſtrong in your breaſt," replied Mr. Clifford, diſdainfully, "though I have been unable to excite it, and your vindication is admirably calculated to ſooth the mind of a lover. I have done, Miſs Montgomery—but have a care, that in paying the debt of gratitude, you leave not a bankrupt——or worſe—an eſtranged heart, for the acceptance of a huſband."

"Wrong me not with ſuch a thought," reſumed ſhe, tears ſtarting in her eyes—"nor leave

leave me in anger. Am I not your own—your affianced Madeline?"

"Yes," returned he, with a piercing look; "yes——and yet I beheld you weeping in the arms of a man, almoſt the huſband of another."

The retroſpect was too painful for her modeſt mind—her ſpirits forſook her, and ſinking before him, ſhe exclaimed, "I am beneath forgiveneſs, if YOU cannot extend it."

Clifford had never ſeen her ſo intereſting; the woman for whom Lord Darville pined to death—for whom Glendillon breathed the ſecret ſigh—and whom the admiring world approved—he beheld at his feet. It gratified his vanity—and awakening his ſofter paſſions, he raiſed her in the fondeſt manner to his boſom, ſaying, "my charming love! all is forgotten—'tis you who now muſt pardon; theſe precious tears would drown even errors in oblivion—

oblivion——your ſenſibility in future I will guide, when it ſhall be excited to bleſs the wiſhes of your Clifford."

She was encircled in his arms, with her head reclined on his boſom, and he impreſſing the kiſſes of reconciliation on her bluſhing cheeks, when Mr. Glendillon appeared.

"I am come," he began—but his tongue faltered, and his colour changed, while Madeline inſenſibly preſſed the triumphant breaſt of Clifford, who, riſing, led her familiarly to the door, ſaying, "retire my love—I am now engaged."

"How very light and inconſiſtent muſt I appear in Glendillon's eyes," thought ſhe; "no ſooner releaſed from his embrace, but he diſcovers me in the arms of another; but no matter—I am reconciled to Clifford; and will that give peace to thee, poor Glendillon? I muſt think no more."

"I come,"

"I came," reſumed Mr. Glendillon, a little recovered, "to remove any wrong impreſſion which my attention to Miſs Montgomery might have made; but what I have witneſſed," continued he, the colour heightening in his face, "tells me any explanation on my part is unneceſſary."

"It is indeed, Sir," replied Clifford, with exultation; "I am too ſecure in the tenderneſs of Miſs Montgomery, to feel any alarm from the moſt inſidious rival."

"Do you direct that inſinuation to me, Mr. Clifford?"

"To you!" returned he, in a tone Glendillon knew not how to interpret,—"to you! as firmly engaged as myſelf."

"Arrogate not a knowledge which you poſſeſs not,—for I am *diſ*-engaged, nor would I eſpouſe Lady Anne Darville, after the diſcovery I have this day made of her diſpoſition,

tion, were ſhe an empreſs, and I reduced to beggary itſelf."

Mr. Clifford had long eſteemed Mr. Glendillon, and being unwilling to relinquiſh his friendſhip, kindly took his hand, requeſting he would excuſe the caprice of a lover—that he intended him no offence, and thought him deſerving a better fate, than an union with Lady Anne promiſed; and after entreating he would always command his intereſt, they parted on the moſt friendly terms.

Madeline beheld the preparations for her nuptials with becoming ſerenity, when Lord Clifford one morning at breakfaſt informed them they were diſappointed in one wedding, for that Lord Glendillon having taken a wife in his old age, declared he could only ſpare his nephew ten thouſand pounds, which had made ſuch a revolution in the mind of Lady Anne and her father, that they had given him his *conge*, which he received with perfect *ſang froid*, aſſuring them he was highly gratified,

as

as it ſaved him the embarraſſment of declining the honor of their alliance.

Lady Anne laughed at what ſhe termed his pique, while her father admired his prudence.

Madeline felt a ſecret pleaſure that he was releaſed, but made no remark on the ſubject.

Lord Darville ſeldom appeared in the preſence of our heroine; and that he might not behold her given to another, ſet out for the Continent.

Poor Summers, who had preſerved Madeline, was received into the ſuite of Mr. Clifford. He informed them, after the death of his former maſter, he was recommended to Lord Darville, and confeſſed he had often aided his intrigues, and was introduced as a divine, to deceive Madeline with a pretended marriage, but knowing her at the firſt view, he reſolved to promote her eſcape; and

and on his return from conducting her to the gate at Mrs. Manley's, his lordſhip met him, and enquired where he had been, when, unprepared with an excuſe, and pleaſed that ſhe had eſcaped, he owned having aſſiſted her departure, pleading that ſhe was his benefactreſs, and had preſerved his family,—his Lordſhip aimed a blow, but m..ſing, he purſued her, until he beheld her reſcued.

Mrs. Manley fearing the houſe would be ſearched, prevailed on him to allow her to abſcond—his Lordſhip ſtill retaining Summers, to prevent his own expoſure.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

SUCH was the ſituation of affairs, when Mrs. Forteſcue and Ellen arrived in England.

Mr. Forteſcue having died abroad, his widow reſolved to extricate her beloved brother, and render his future days eaſy.

Lord Clifford inſtantly ſent them an invitation to honor the nuptials of his ſon, which being accepted, they arrived in Piccadilly a

week previous to the expected wedding.—The beauty of Ellen was in full luſtre, and infinitely more brilliant than even the dawn had promiſed; while her innocent wit and ſparkling vivacity rendered her perfectly irreſiſtible. Her affection rejoiced at the ſplendor awaiting her ſiſter, while her vanity was gratified. Lord Clifford appeared highly pleaſed with his gueſts, the Major enjoyed a ſerene delight, and Mr. Clifford exerted every grace to attract the notice of his ſiſter elect, while ſhe, ever a little of the coquette, received his attentions with the ſmile of pleaſure.

Madeline ſometimes imagined Ellen behaved rather coolly, but thought little of it, until ſhe perceived herſelf neglected by Mr. Clifford. He appeared to decline her innocent endearments,—refuſed her attentions,—and at length, if ſhe entered a room where he happened to be alone, would inſtantly quit it.

Ellen's conduct was equally distressing.—Sometimes her spirits were transported beyond measure—at others, Madeline would surprise her in tears, or the softest melancholy; and if she enquired the reason, was answered peevishly, not to suffer her chagrin to interrupt her blissful prospects, as she was the last in being who could relieve her uneasiness.

Mr. Clifford was informed the deeds and settlements awaited his signature with a visible vexation; when Madeline resolved to demand an interview; and if he appeared reluctant to fulfil his vows, resign the intended honor, and on no account be prevailed on to accept it. She also thought her Uncle perceived his indifference, as he made the marriage his constant topic, always declaring it the dearest wish of his heart.

Early next morning she intended to request the conference with Mr. Clifford, and as she knew he rose early, descended to his study to await him. But what was her confusion and astonishment,

aſtoniſhment, on opening the door, to behold her ſiſter fondly reclining on the boſom of Frederick Clifford! Uttering a faint ſcream, ſhe would have retreated, but her Couſin cloſing the door, implored her to liſten to a wretch, who depended on her mercy alone for comfort; while Ellen, weeping bitterly, covered her face with her hands.

"Madeline!" exclaimed Clifford, "after what you have ſeen"——he ſtopped——but reſumed——"need I ſay more?"

You need not indeed," replied ſhe, the pride of ſcorned affection ſupporting her;—"and if Lord Clifford will abſolve your promiſes, as frankly as I remit your vows, you will be at perfect liberty to offer them to any heart venturous enough to depend on their ſtability."

"Wound not my tortured ſoul with ſuch cutting reproach," ſaid he, kneeling;—"I know

know your worth—venerate your virtues—I eſteem in you, what I adore in your too charming—too attractive ſiſter. Look not, then, with ſuch cold diſdain on one whoſe heart approves your wondrous ſweetneſs, tho' his fancy wanders to the beauteous Ellen."

"I feel not diſdain," replied the ſoftened Madeline. Though I am ſcorned—though deſerted—I will not reproach——look up, then, my Ellen, nor fear a ſiſter, though you have betrayed her."

"Oh! Madeline," ſhe replied;—"ever my ſuperior! deign but to forget, and I will refuſe the dear, the offered hand of Clifford, and hide the hated form that lured him from his faith and you—then, when you view him, and liſten to his voice, you will pardon Ellen, nor wonder that ſhe ſighed for ſuch a bleſſing."

"Think

"Think not yet ſo poorly of your ſiſter, Ellen. I here reſign the hand of Clifford to you, ſince I have not merit to retain his love, I will never be indebted to his pity."

She would then have left them, but Mr. Clifford ſtill detained her. "Stay, my generous Couſin," ſaid he;——"to your perſuaſive tongue I leave my father. Oh! let the blame fall lightly on your ſiſter—ſay you perceive our mutual paſſion, and renounce me—then I may be ſpared his malediction."

"Aſk not more," interrupted ſhe, "than nature can perform. Forſaken by you—reduced to be the ſport of an idle world—deprive me not of all I now can boaſt—a father and an Uncle——I am your friend—will plead your cauſe——but never cloud his reaſon—never let him think me light, capricious, or inconſtant. Farewell! Clifford—be as happy as I wiſh you—happier than I could have made you." She then immediately acquainted her father, when grief, aſtoniſhment, and indignation, tore his boſom.

"Ungenerous Ellen!" exclaimed he,—"to ſupplant a ſiſter.——Ungrateful Clifford! far hath thy fancy wandered from the path that leads to domeſtic bliſs."

Madeline prevailed on her father to inform Lord Clifford of the affair, and retired to compoſe her own agitated ſpirits. Seated penſively alone, ſhe retraced the various ills ſhe had encountered. Even the future wore a gloom—and ſhe was yielding to deſpondence, when the idea of Glendillon, like ſome benignant ſtar, cheered the ſad proſpect with a ray of hope. "Ah! Arthur, ſighed ſhe; thou wouldſt not have left me—but whither art thou fled!"—She was beginning a fairy ſtructure of future happineſs, when informed her preſence was deſired in the breakfaſt-room.

She found her father dejectedly leaning his head on his hand, while various paſſions agitated the generous boſom of Lord Clifford. His ſon was dearer to him than exiſtence.—

To behold him in the arms of domeſtic peace, ſurrounded by a ſmiling race of pratlers, were the laſt hopes that chained him to earth.

The brilliancy of Ellen's beauty pleaſed his eye—her ſparkling wit amuſed his heavy hours—and he doubted not the goodneſs of her heart and underſtanding; but ſhe was vain, thoughtleſs, high ſpirited, and fond of admiration—while in Madeline, gentle, ſenſible, and complaiſant, he beheld every united grace—and in her mild retired virtues, hoped to find a ſolace for the evening of his life.—He had marked her for his own, and expected ſhe would have been "unto him as a daughter." The nearer we approach a wiſh, the more ſevere becomes a diſappointment. But one week had to elapſe, when he was to ſalute his favorite by the endearing name of daughter.

Ellen had been but ten days at her Uncle's, when her wondrous charms allured the heart

of young Clifford—and, for the firſt time in his life, he felt the power of an unconquerable love. Duty,—faith,—juſtice,—every noble paſſion, fell before it, and he determined to forſake his mild affianced Madeline, and elope with her faſcinating ſiſter, who had ſtruggled with duty and affection—when the perſuaſions of her lover prevailed, and ſhe conſented to accompany him to the blackſmith's at Gretna, and a very few days after Madeline quitted the ſtudy, their whole plan was arranged.

"My own Madeline!" ſaid Lord Clifford, as ſhe approached him—"have you yet rejected my degenerate ſon?"

She heſitated——"I will be directed by your pleaſure, my dear Uncle," replied ſhe, at laſt—"but you would not force a wife upon your Frederick."

"No, Madeline, not force—yet, if I could convince his reaſon, at preſent dazzled by Ellen's

len's beauty, might I hope you would receive him? Welcome him to returning duty —to truth—to honor—peace—and Madeline?—for, oh! ſo long I have indulged the hope of calling you my daughter, that I feel the diſappointment would break the ſlender thread which holds me to the world!"

"Do not think ſo, my dear Lord. Ellen is virtuous, generous, and kind—and is ſhe not the child of your darling ſiſter? Oh! receive her then with paternal bleſſings. The ſame which formed the mind of Madeline, alſo enriched the virtues of Ellen; and when ſhe is honored with the title of your daughter, you will ſcarcely diſtinguiſh her from me, but when ſome brighter excellence of nature proclaims her the ſuperior. For my ſake, think kindly of your ſon—he would adhere to duty—would you humble me before him? Would he not ſoon diſdain a wife, who meanly took advantage of his father's partiality, accepted a reluctant hand, when conſcious that his heart was attached to another? Alas!

what ſorrowing nights and careful days would be our fate! Unite us not then, my Uncle, under ſuch unpromiſing auſpices, nor load him with your diſpleaſure.——I ſee a ſweet compliance in your eyes—you will ſanctify his nuptials with your preſence—you will then have two daughters——Ellen's vivacity ſhall pleaſe your gayer hours, and Madeline will wait your more ſedate and retired moments."

A languid ſmile appeared on the venerable face of Lord Clifford, while tears fell from his eyes—and he replied, preſſing Madeline to his boſom, "you have prevailed. Think how great your power, when it can plead even againſt yourſelf! Allow me a few hours to regain compoſure, and in the evening you ſhall preſent your ſiſter and lover."

Madeline gave him a thouſand careſſes;—called him the beſt of Uncles, and the kindeſt father. When attending him to the door of his ſtudy, ſhe flew to impart her joyful tidings

tidings to Ellen. She and Mr. Clifford were gone to Lord Delahay's. Madeline was vexed—and ſecretly diſapproved their abſence in ſuch circumſtances.

Some will no doubt be ſurpriſed at the tranquillity with which our heroine ſupported her lover's deſertion—but in fact ſhe had never loved her Couſin, but with the affection of a ſiſter. Gratitude alone intereſted her heart; and now that ſhe might, without ſelf-accuſation, indulge a ſoft ſentiment for Mr. Glendillon, ſhe felt her mind infinitely more ſerene, than the conflict of duty and inclination had for many weeks allowed. In the evening ſhe became uneaſy that Ellen and her lover had not returned, and propoſed ſending to Groſvenor-ſquare, as Lord Clifford would probably be offended at their abſence when he deſired to ſee them.

CHAP. XXIX.

DURING the day Lord Clifford remained in his own apartment, and when Madeline had diſpatched the ſervant to the lovers, ſhe reſolved to interrupt a melancholy, which ſhe feared he was indulging.

On tapping at his door, ſhe received no anſwer, and, ſuppoſing he might be aſleep, was retiring, when a deep groan pierced her ear, and made her ſhudder. A repeated groan impelled her to enter, when, gracious heaven!

heaven! what a ſcene!—her friend, her Uncle, pale and ſpeechleſs, ſtruggling with inward convulſions; on the floor lay a letter, ſubſcribed "F. Clifford;" by it another unopened. She raiſed his head, while her ſhrieks brought the alarmed attendants to the aid of their dying lord.

In a few minutes he was ſurrounded with phyſicians and ſurgeons—when Doctor W— informed the Major it would be cruel to flatter his hopes, for that this was the third apoplectic—though his lordſhip had carefully concealed it from his friends, and that he was then ſtruggling with the revulſions of nature.

Afflictive indeed was the information to the Major. Madeline ſupported her Uncle, and received the feeble preſſure of his trembling hands. His features regained their uſual complacency—his breath became weak—he caſt his eyes on his darling niece, and then raiſed them, as if expecting ſome yet

dearer object to receive their lateſt beam.—For a few moments he appeared ſenſible; returned the ſoft embrace of Madeline, and preſſed the Major's hand—when one heavy ſigh burſt the nobleſt heart that ever beat with life!

Doctor W—— led the Major from the mournful chamber, while poor Madeline ſilently retired, deploring that deſtiny which ſeemed to deprive her of every friend and protector. Her ſad reverie was diſturbed by the ſervant's return from Groſvenor-ſquare, ſaying, Mr. Clifford and Miſs Ellen had quitted it before eleven o'clock. Anxious for her Couſin's preſence, in an hour when the houſe was overwhelmed with diſmay and confuſion, ſhe took out the letter, ſigned F. Clifford, and with agony read,——

"With all the reverence and duty I ever "felt, I preſume to acquaint you, my re- "ſpected father, that knowing your firm ad-

"herence

" herence to a promiſe, and juſt regard for
" the amiable Madeline, I am haſtening to
" put, beyond my own power, the offer of
" ſo poor a compliment as an eſtranged heart
" and unwilling hand, by wedding her beau-
" tiful and equally unexceptionable ſiſter.—
" Vouchſafe then, my lord, when at your
" feet for pardon, to raiſe me and my charm-
" ing wife with bleſſing and forgiveneſs;
" and when you ſit in council on my conduct,
" deign to conſider that the impulſe of na-
" ture claims undoubted right to point the
" heart to bliſs, and ſcorns controul.—
" Condeſcend, my lord, to believe me, in
" every other circumſtance,

" Your devoted, &c. &c.

" F. CLIFFORD."

And were thy dying hours, my gracious Uncle, embittered by this fatal letter! (cried Madeline, throwing it from her.) Poor pitiable Clifford! what pangs await thee! with

what remorſe and anguiſh thy comforts and thy greatneſs will be mixed! Ah! thou little kneweſt the parent's worth thou haſt injured, and the heart thou haſt diſdained!—And thou, raſh thoughtleſs Ellen! haſt involved thyſelf in a wide labyrinth of care.

Madeline deſcending to the ſaloon, found her father and Aunt bewailing mutually the conduct of Ellen.

The Major had promiſed his ſiſter to reſide near her at Bath; ſhe aſſuring him, with unfeigned truth, that their intereſt ſhould be undivided. On his daughter's entrance, he put her hand within his ſiſter's, ſaying, "be this wronged excellence your care. My days are nearly at an end—the path of death is almoſt become cheerful—it hath been trodden by my deareſt friends, whoſe ſainted ſpirits hail me on my way."

Mrs.

Mrs. Forteſcue ſacredly promiſed to protect her niece, while ſhe prayed her brother might long live to ſee her happy.

"I am reſigned to live," replied he;—"and I truſt, not unprepared to die."

Meſſengers were diſpatched, with proper orders, to meet the new Lord Clifford, as no one knew how to direct the funeral until his arrival.

During this interval, Madeline was one morning penſively gazing on her beloved Uncle's portrait, when Lady Delahay and Lord Darville appeared. Her Aunt drawing a chair near her, took her hand in the moſt affectionate manner, and, in attempting to utter a few words, burſt into tears.

Madeline wondered not at her emotion—ſuppoſing the loſs of an excellent brother the cauſe, offered the ſame tribute to his memory.

"I come,"

"I come," ſaid her ladyſhip, a little compoſed, "my deareſt Madeline, in a ſorrowing hour, when your heart, ſoftened with affliction, may feel the impreſſion of pity.—Compaſſionate then the ſiſter of your mother, humbled by the chilling blights of diſappointment. While the affianced bride of Frederick Clifford, I importuned you not, becauſe your virtues merited his ſuperior goodneſs; but now that his wandering fancy has left you liberty to make a ſecond choice, Oh! let me lead you to the penitent Darville. A convert to your worth, you may guide him as you pleaſe. Bereave me not of my ſon, but let me owe him to your relenting nature. Behold his dejection, and let it convince you of his remorſe for what he once attempted. The grave now opens to receive its willing victim, if you accept not his devoted heart. I will not name a time—but let him hope, my lovely girl, to gain you, and I will bleſs you with my parting breath."

Lord

Lord Darville had caſt himſelf at his Couſin's feet, unable to utter a ſingle word;—when ſhe mildly ſaid, "riſe, my Lord, nor diſtreſs me by that improper humility."

Turning to her Aunt, when he was reſeated, with much ſweetneſs ſhe ſaid, "when I tell you, my dear Madam, how poor a thing I am, and you conſider the rank and independence you vouchſafe to offer me, you muſt be convinced how firm my reſolution is, to decline the honor of your propoſals. At this hour, Lady Delahay, my Uncle's death has left me helpleſs and deſtitute, as when Lord Darville firſt beheld me—and dependence for my daily bread is the brighteſt hope I dare encourage—yet in this abject ſtate, my heart would ſcorn the hand of a prince, who had attempted my virtue, or thought me capable of ſwerving from it. Pardon a pride, which I cannot conquer—and be perſuaded, though at this moment anxiety for Lord Darville's health induces you to honor me with ſuch an offer, the time ſhall come, when you will

will approve my refuſal. Could I comply, even his lordſhip, when poſſeſſion had diſſolved the fancied charm, which difficulty throws around me, would contemn one who had taken advantage of an hour of paſſion, to plunge him in inextricable repentance.—Suffer me then, my Aunt and Couſin, unmoleſted by entreaty, to purſue my own ideas of right; but if, Madam, you deem theſe arguments futile, I yet have one which muſt prevail——my affections are engaged—and I have no heart to beſtow."

"Ah! Madeline," interrupted her Aunt, "will you reject an adoring lover, ſanctioned by parents, and allowed by honor, to devote regretting hours to an ingrate who has left you?"

"No," replied ſhe, colouring, "perhaps I ought to bluſh in confeſſing, my heart was never Clifford's—though my hand and duty ſhould have paid the debt of gratitude. Urge me no more, I entreat!—My very ſoul,

ſoul, exhauſted by grief, longs to be at peace."

Firm as was the mind of Madeline, ſhe ſincerely pitied the ſuffering Darville—who, preſſing her hand to his lips, followed his mother to her carriage.

"No! Glendillon," exclaimed ſhe, when alone,—"no one ſhall baniſh thy dear image from my heart—when unpitied it ſhall cheer me—the remembrance of thy approbation ſhall animate my actions—while thy treaſured love ſhall charm each ſuffering moment—and if I am not thine, I will never be another's."

When ſhe informed her father with the refuſal of Lord Darville, he perfectly approved her conduct.

"Much as I deſire," replied he, "to ſee my Madeline under a huſband's care, my heart could never grant it's ſuffrage to a man, who had

had inſulted her purity with the avowal of an illicit paſſion; for the mind which has indulged improper ſentiments, will ever retain a ſtain; and though ſometimes, perhaps, a reformed rake makes a good huſband, a libertine in principle never can. Accuſtomed to the ſociety and converſation of the moſt depraved of women, who inſpire them with the notion, that all at heart delight in ſenſual pleaſure, and fear of ſhame alone prevents indulgence, they become ſuſpicious—ſuſpicion creates diſguſt—then miſery marks the married ſtate for ever! May heaven, my child, in kindneſs to thy gentleneſs, preſerve thee from a fate like that! Mayſt thou marry goodneſs, though in rags—but hold no commerce with diſhonor, tho' cloathed in robes of ſtate."

"Guided, my father, by your ſuperior wiſdom, in my choice I cannot err," replied Madeline.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

TEN days after the death of Lord Clifford, Lady Bab Darville called in Piccadilly, and informed the Major and Madeline that the new married pair were arrived in Grosvenor-square,—when our heroine dispatched a note to her sister, requesting she would hasten her Lord to Piccadilly, as every thing remained in confusion, waiting his commands.

Lady

Lady Bab conſented to ſtay the day—and, among other converſation, enquired of the Major if he had heard from Mr. Glendillon. "No," returned he, "have your family?"

"Darville," reſumed her ladyſhip, "had a letter, informing him that his old Uncle had preſented him ten thouſand pounds."

"Is Mr. Glendillon a correſpondent of Lord Darville's?" demanded Madeline.

"Of late," replied Lady Bab.——"It commenced with my brother, who, ſince his reformation, takes him for his pattern."

"Nor can he imitate a brighter," interrupted the Major, "for his heart is the reſidence of much virtue."

Madeline's cheeks glowed with pleaſure at the praiſes of her lover, while ſhe ſaid, ſoftly,

ly, "Mr. Glendillon appears a favorite of your's, my dear father."

"The good Madeline will ever obtain my predilection; and the proof I once had of his high honor, proclaims him a man to my heart's desire."

Much Madeline wished to know the proof, but remaining silent, the subject changed.

The mild beauty of our gentle heroine had very early made an impression on the heart of Glendillon, while her many engaging virtues, —virtues which shunned the public gaze,— and retired to cheer the quiet scene of domestic life, compleated her conquest, and fixed the firmest empire over his mind.

His penetration soon discovered, that she beheld him not with the eye of indifference. The modest blush which tinged her cheek at his approach—the deference with which she honored him—and that most delicate flattery, approving

approving what he loved, without the groſſneſs of compliment, were proofs of her affection, which he cheriſhed with delight.

In obedience to his Uncle, Lord Glendillon, he had conſented to a union with Lady Anne Darville, when Madeline was firſt introduced to her Uncle's family, as the promiſed bride of Mr. Clifford. He very unwillingly credited the information—for ſuch is the caprice of the human mind, when under the influence of love, that an object removed beyond our own reach, we are yet unwilling ſhould be enjoyed by another.

He applied to Lady Bab—ſhe told him to avoid temptation, for that Madeline was the forbidden apple, guarded by Clifford's love.

Such was the ſituation of affairs the day he ſurpriſed our heroine in tears; and when he beheld Mr. Clifford lead her out with ſuch hauteur, and indifference to her diſtreſs, it

ſtruck

ſtruck him that their engagement was a marriage projected by parents, like his own, without the conſent of hearts; and though he highly revered the worth of Lord Clifford and Major Montgomery, he believed, that as every character has its ſhade, ambition was theirs, and induced them to devote Madeline and Clifford to a joyleſs and inſipid union.

Fearing he had planted the thorn of ſuſpicion in the boſom of his friend, he reſolved to confeſs his hopeleſs attachment, and for ever fly the dangerous temptation—when a hope ſtill lingering, "for love will hope, where reaſon will deſpair," that ſomething might be done to promote his own happineſs and preſerve Madeline from a life of regret, he repaired to the Major full of the pleaſing idea, and in the moſt earneſt terms declared his boundleſs paſſion—confeſſed the painful ſtruggle between love and honor, and caſting himſelf on his mercy, ventured a hint, which implied the heart of Madeline was intereſted in his favor.

Major

Major Montgomery attended with complacency and patience, and when he had ceaſed ſpeaking, told him the various claims Mr. Clifford had on the gratitude of Madeline, aſſuring him that ſhe had not even been biaſed in his favor—that ſhe had been allowed to judge for herſelf—and her heart had made its own election; but to convince you of my regard and confidence, I will candidly confeſs, I think Madeline feels not for Clifford that warmth of ſentiment of which her nature is capable; but as matters are now concluded, ſhe cannot retract; and I truſt eſteem in the mind of Madeline, will ſoon be ſoftened into ſomething kinder, by the tenderneſs and worth of her lover. I have loved, Glendillon, and can feel for you. Time, I hope, will render you happy in the lady of your Uncle's choice.

"Never! never!" interrupted he, "will I wed with ſuch a ——" he ſtopped, agitated by various paſſions.

"My

"My dear young friend," reſumed the Major, "for the conſequences of a paſſion, inſpired by Madeline in your mind, I have little to fear. Cheriſh her idea, but attach it only to friendſhip. Your candor, virtues, and generoſity, endear you to me, and I ſhall ever be intereſted in your welfare. Leave us for a while—ſubdue your paſſion—but let it be the triumph of reaſon, not the work of folly—and when we again meet, I ſhall eſteem you among my firſt friends."

"Deareſt Sir," replied he,—"I will deſerve your friendſhip. Never have I hinted my paſſion to Madeline, nor ever will I interrupt her peace with Clifford—yet ſhall the bright idea of her matchleſs worth animate my conduct to deſerve that ſtate, when it will be no crime to love her."

Leaving then the Major, he ſought Mr. Clifford. Thoſe who have loved, may judge his feelings on ſurveying Madeline, whom he believed inſenſible to the love of her Couſin,

folded in his arms, receiving his careſſes.—What paſſed is unneceſſary to repeat—he quitted the deteſted ſcene, perfectly unable to decide on the ſentiments of Madeline.

Jealouſy was the dark trait in the nature of Glendillon, and, on examining his own heart, he allowed, that had he been the accepted lover, and beheld her weeping on the boſom of Clifford, ſomething of a more ſanguine hue than female tears had been required to blot it from remembrance.

On his return to Lord Delahay's, Lady Bab, in the bitterneſs of reſentment, diſcloſed her ſiſter's malevolence, informing him, ſhe had boaſted of having alarmed the jealouſy of young Clifford, and hoped it would prevent the marriage.

He replied, her malice failed reſpecting the Couſins, though it had convinced him their hearts were ill matched, and determin-

ed him, that they ſhould never be more cloſely united.

Lady Bab appearing alarmed at what ſhe ſuppoſed the conſequence of her information, he requeſted ſhe would be compoſed, as he had received his intelligence of her malignity from his own valet, who ſtood in the hall as Mr. Clifford conducted her to the carriage. Next morning he took a cold leave of the family, and wiſhing Lady Bab every happineſs, ſat out for Ireland.

It is now time to return to the young married pair, who, arriving in Piccadilly, caſt themſelves at the feet of Major Montgomery, and implored his bleſſing and forgiveneſs.

"Riſe, Lord Clifford," ſaid he, mildly; "I am not offended, though concerned that you ſo far forgot the noble nature of your father, as to ſuppoſe an elopement neceſſary.—He was acceding to all your wiſhes when you fled, and by your abſence gave to parting life

an added pang. From one too, ſo ſenſible that the heart muſt be intereſted to ſecure conjugal bliſs, as I am, you had nothing to fear—be then as happy as a father prays, and large will be your portion of felicity."

Lord Clifford had ever been a dutiful ſon; and even the poſſeſſion of his beautiful Ellen was a moment forgot, when he ſhed the tears of bitter regret, that by his own precipitancy he had loſt the cloſing benediction of a beloved parent.

"Will you not bleſs me, my father?"—exclaimed Ellen.

"I forgive you, child," replied he, raiſing her, "and I bleſs you. Though you have wrung my heart, ſtill precious to my ſoul is the child of my departed angel."

She reſuming ſome compoſure, his lordſhip ſaluted Madeline, calling her ſiſter. His confuſion was viſible——but her unaffected ſweetneſs,

ſweetneſs, without one reproaching look, ſoon reſtored him to accuſtomed eaſe.

Embracing Ellen with unabated tenderneſs, ſhe wiſhed her joy, and prayed her comforts might be proportioned to her newly attained dignities.

Returning her endearments, ſhe replied, with a ſmile of exultation, "to deſerve and ſupport them, I muſt imitate Madeline, elſe my lord may look back with regret to a father's choice, and reprobate his own."

"There is little danger of that, Lady Clifford," interrupted her ſiſter—"his lordſhip had too much diſcernment not to diſcover a ſuperiority, which I make no doubt will ſoon convince his reaſon, as it has ſurpriſed his heart."

"Hitherto, Ellen," ſaid her father with ſerioufneſs, "you have only attracted the lo-

ver—but a ſtrict obſervance of the ſacred duties incumbent on a wife, can alone ſecure the approbation of a huſband."

"I will endeavour," returned her ladyſhip, "to make Lord Clifford happy; but he muſt not expect impoſſibilities."

Her father ſighed, in caſting a comparative glance on his daughters, and ſoon retired to his chamber.

The late lord's will bequeathed eight hundred a year, during life, to Major Montgomery; and his ſon, with perfect generoſity, made the ſame ſettlements on Ellen, which his father had intended for Madeline.

No ſooner were the remains of his lordſhip conducted in gloomy ſtate to Clifford Park, than our heroine, with extreme concern, beheld her ſiſter commence a career of vanity and diſſipation—treat her lord with cold poliſeneſs,

liteneſs, and even herſelf with diſtant kindneſs—while his lordſhip ſometimes appeared hurt, and ſuppreſſed a ſigh.

Madeline's attention was chiefly engaged with the declining health of her father, who appearing anxious to go to Bath, ſhe prepared for their departure.

Lady Clifford affected diſpleaſure—ſaid ſhe expected her ſiſter's company many months; but ſhe found her family much eſtranged.

"You are unkind, Ellen," replied her ſiſter. "You cannot want ſociety, with an adoring huſband; and the conſtant whirl of amuſement you are in, precludes rational enjoyments."

"Poſitively," replied her ladyſhip, "I ſhould ſuſpect you had juſt left the Valley, inſtead of having been ſome time in the *beau monde*. Do you ſuppoſe me ſo perfectly gothic

thic as to devote my hours to domeſtic drudgery, and fondling with a huſband? I vow, the familiarity marriage admits, is an antidote to love."

"That ſentiment is an exotic," interrupted Madeline, tartly; "it was never raiſed in the ſhades of Montgomery."

"Would you, Madeline," ſaid his lordſhip, mildly,—"deem the attentions of a fond huſband diſguſting?"

"When I am ſix weeks a wife, I may be able to inform your lordſhip—at preſent my notions are antiquated, ſo will not expoſe them before a modern belle." She then quitted them, exclaiming to herſelf,—"how ſeldom is a precipitate choice happy! Ellen, beware, nor trifle with peace."

The Major chooſing to ſup alone, deſired her to return, and announce his departure for Bath next day.

She

She obeyed, taking with her the diamonds preſented by Clifford, to which ſhe now conceived ſhe had no right. She found her ſiſter and huſband in violent agitation—but without appearing to notice it, ſhe aſked Ellen if ſhe was engaged that evening.

"No, not particularly," replied her ladyſhip; "but to convince my wiſe huſband that I will not be reſtricted in innocent pleaſure, I am reſolved to go out."

"Indulge me to night," ſaid Madeline, tenderly—"I leave you to-morrow."

"And you will really deſert me, Madeline?"

"Be reaſonable, my dear ſiſter—our father's health demands it—ſit down—I have ſomething for you, too long detained in my poſſeſſion." Preſenting the caſket, ſhe added, "that theſe diamonds were not ſooner reſtored, you muſt attribute to the ſorrow and confuſion our dear Uncle's death occaſioned."

"Do

"Do you then disdain the gift of a cousin—of a brother?" interrupted Lord Clifford.

"No, my Lord; but they were intended *for your lady*, and would ill become the condition of the dependent Madeline—but that you may not think me proud or ungrateful, I accept these bracelets—one, the resemblance of your respected father—the other, Ellen, will you permit me to wear this portrait of your good man?"

"It is a matter of indifference to me,"—replied her ladyship, scornfully, "who holds his likeness—I beg you may keep it—you, I believe, have the best right to it."

"I can have no right but what you give me—and your present displeasure informs me I ought instantly to resign it."

Lady Clifford received the picture, and, presenting it to her lord, desired he would give it to her, who would afford it the sincerest welcome.

"Then,"

"Then," cried his lordſhip, highly pleaſed, "I muſt claſp it on the dear hand of my Ellen." Lady Clifford, gratified with his little gallantry, returned to good humour, and offered her own to Madeline, who accepted it with ſmiling pleaſure.

Next morning, a poſt-chaiſe and four, attended by Jarvis on horſeback, waited to convey the Major and his daughter to Bath.—They parted in the kindeſt manner with Lord and Lady Clifford—her father, with his parting bleſſing, offering a few gentle counſels for her future conduct. They arrived in perfect ſafety at Mrs. Forteſcue's, in whoſe houſe, it being ſpacious, they fixed their reſidence, much to the ſatisfaction of all parties.

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